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June
1965

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Kindergarten to Grade XII

School Opens for Fall Term—September 9

For prospectus and information concerning admission for
September, 1965

Write to

The Headmistress: Miss G. Murrell-Wright, B.A.
Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



THE MAGAZINE SENIOR EXECUTIVE

Standing — C. Gourley, R. Kipp, P. Williams, M. Bruce, C. Vivian.

Sitting — S. Gille, K. Neilson, D. Silvester, J. Harrison, K. Kilgour, S. Foley.

The Magazine Executive 1964 - 65

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ENTRANCE TO DALTON HOUSE

Editorial

Words, Words, Words

In every event of his life, man is striving to be understood and his means throughout the ages have been words, developed and cultivated to express his thoughts and feelings. Because English is our native tongue we presume that we understand it and are fluent in it. But too often we are like Humpty Dumpty who said to Alice, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less." If everyone believed this, it would be an ideally simple solution to a complex problem, but speech would be meaningless.

To communicate accurately is a continual struggle. To convert the confused onrush of human thought into clear, concise language is one of the greatest difficulties man has encountered. He casts about continually trying to find the right word to express his varied ideas.

As leaders of government and delegates to world conferences, men have had the greatest opportunity for speaking in public. However, with increased recognition of their ability and their rising status, women also compete for important positions. Both the Prime Minister of Ceylon and Canada's Minister of Health and Welfare are women. These women realize the importance of using words to best advantage. Words, if used skillfully, undoubtedly will prosper great achievements.

We as apprentices are learning to be masters of words and should be continually striving to improve our powers of expression; we who are seeking better things ought never to betray our ideals by the words we choose.

JANET HARRISON

Editor

MISS GLADYS E. MILLARD

Headmistress of Rupert's Land Girls School

1928 — 1937

With deep regret we received the news of Miss Millard's death in Victoria, B.C. on October 15, 1964. In 1928, Miss Millard became the Headmistress of Rupert's Land Girls' School. Her able and enthusiastic leadership was reflected in the progress of the School at that time and many girls in Western Canada were influenced while at Rupert's Land by Miss Millard's interest in education. Active in the Girl Guide Association, Miss Millard was awarded the Medal of Merit by Lady Baden-powell. In 1935 she received the Silver Fish Award just before she left Rupert's Land Girls' School to become the Headmistress of Havergal College in Toronto. When ill-health necessitated her leaving Toronto she made her home in Victoria, B.C.

"ALTE PETENS"



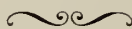
THE PREFECTS

Sitting — Ruth Thomas, Janet Harrison, Pamella Kayser, Marsha Dangerfield, Kathleen Lumax, Barbara McMurray.

Standing — Susan Hutchings (Head Girl), Roberta Kipp, Margaret Berry, Katherine Alexander, Catherine Gourley, Katharine Kilgour (School Captain).



Among the special prefect efforts this year was a successful Dance in February. The proceeds of "Cupid Capers" is being used for twenty-four hurdles which will be ready for Sports Day in the fall.



In memory of one of our former prefects, Clare McCulloch, her classmates — the graduates of 1962 — have established a new award to be presented at this year's closing. It will be known as the "Clare McCulloch Award for Creative Art."



Balmoral Hall
June, 1965

My dear Girls,

As another year draws to a close I take a kaleidoscopic view of your achievements and I see much to concern me, much to content me, and some things to please me.

My personal interest in each one of you cannot be expressed in this letter but decide if you are a student who worries me, who makes me content or who makes me rejoice. It worries me when you make no effort to improve, it pleases me when your own happiness shows through your consideration for others, and I rejoice when through your own effort you achieve some degree of success.

Everyone needs some success but not everyone has the patience and determination of Robert Bruce's spider. Academic success is best measured by improvement, not by marks or awards. When your report shows a comment suggesting hard work and improvement, you have achieved success.

All achievement has its price. I follow all your efforts in piano and organ, in dancing and singing, in swimming and badminton, in skating and riding, and now in home-baking. I know that your success has been the result of patient practice and I am pleased for you.

I watch with pleasure other achievements, less spectacular, but very important — the thoughtless ones becoming considerate, the intolerant becoming kind, the critical becoming generous, the lazy becoming interested, the quick-tempered gaining control. And with pleasure I watch you help each other in work and in play — seniors helping juniors, day girls entertaining boarders, good students helping weak students. I give many of you credit for these achievements. You will find happiness because you are aware of others. Need I add that I am concerned about those of you who are very busy accomplishing nothing. In your selfish search for pleasure you are often restless, demanding and unhappy. Get busy in a different way. Use your very good qualities to please someone else this summer and see what happens.

Good luck in your examinations, my special blessing to those of you who are graduating and a happy summer to all.

Yours affectionately,

G. Murrell Wright



School Captain
KATHARINE KILGOUR

Head Girl
SUSAN HUTCHINGS

During our years at Balmoral Hall we have learned to be part of a group, each of us giving to the group something of ourself. Since Grade IV we have been in a House." Loyalty toward's one's House is particularly evident in games when we compete with the other Houses in basketball and volleyball, in badminton and even ping-pong. We have worked hard in class and watched conduct and neatness points to keep our House on the top.

From this training in the House, as Class-Presidents, and on teams, we have become aware of responsibility, and in this our final year some of us were chosen to be Prefects, House Heads and School Officers.

Sue and I have the honour of being your Head Girl and School Captain, an experience and an opportunity which we shall never forget.

As I think of the total picture, I know that I take with me memories of the whole School worshipping together each morning and of other special services at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and of our Sunday afternoon Closing Service in June.

Those of you who are still climbing the ladder to the Sixth Form, look for opportunities to serve — help to make your School what **you** want it to be — keep your eyes wide open in your search for "Better Things."

We know that "much will be required of those to whom much is given." That we have been given much at Balmoral Hall we are aware — may it now be in our power to produce the "much" that will be required.

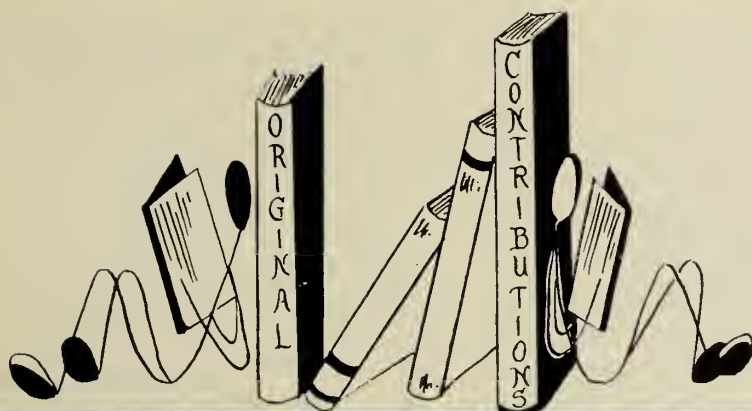
KATHARINE KILGOUR,
School Captain and Valedictorian.

Valedictory

Graduation 1965 — and time to say farewell.

For a brief moment I put aside work and school responsibilities and think with enthusiasm of graduation as the gateway to our future. Though the future is always uncertain we feel that we can pass through this gateway confidently, with the knowledge, and training we have received at Balmoral Hall.

We take with us many tangible benefits. Our interests have been numerous and have covered every facet of School life. Many of us have enjoyed at least two years in the School choir. Our book-lovers have served as librarians and others on the Magazine Executive. During these years of learning and serving we have come to love and appreciate music, to value our library and its wealth of new books, and to enjoy the business experience of searching for advertisements. We know well that this part of our school life will always be useful on the other side of the gateway.



SIGNET S.

LITERARY ~

"And The Lord Taketh Away"

The soft morning sun peeked through the fluffy, blushing clouds, which blocked his view of the life below, perhaps of the old blue cab, that rattled and wheezed as it jogged along its familiar route. The hard, grey stone of the old English buildings was mellowed by the gently pink light and was soon to be steeped in the blithe beams of the sun, which would, in a few hours, wink brightly through the leaves.

To the cab driver, it was an ordinary day for an ordinary man. His tired eyes scanned the sidewalks for any early customers. His face had become drawn and dejected over the last, lonely ten years and his eyes reflected the loneliness of his present life. The people that looked into his face, had the feeling that he had been deprived of everything that he had ever loved. His recent grief permeated his whole face and was apparent to all those who came in contact with him. He had lost a son — his only child, and now he found that he had nothing in the world to cling to except the happy memories of tousled blonde hair and laughing lips. But these memories were not strong enough to sustain the kind of life that he was forced to take part in. The boy had met a violent death. Quarrelling with his friends, he had received a heavy blow which had sent him forcefully to the rough pavement. His father could not discuss his grievances with anyone — the world was too busy.

The driver was aroused from his deep cogitation by a well-dressed gentleman frantically waving his arms and shouting to attract his attention. He brought the old cab to a jerking halt, glancing quickly over his shoulder to be sure that the back seat had been dusted. The gentleman was half in the cab before he could even open the door.

"G'mornin', sir," he said apologetically, but the gentleman had failed to notice his lack of movement.

"Three forty-nine Maplegrove East," the man replied gruffly and buried his nose in his paper.

"Pretty sunrise, don't y'think, sir?" commented the driver lamely, attempting to start a conversation.

"Uh-huh," grunted the man in the back, who probably did not even hear him, being deeply involved in the financial section.

Anxious to pour out his grief to anyone, the driver began to relate tales about his boy and his death.

"M'boy used to get up on a mornin' like this 'n go fishin, 'e did. Used to love fishin y' know. You like fishin' much?"

No answer.

"M'boy 'n me would both get up 'n go fishin' now 'n then, y'know. Used to love it, we did. Them was the days."

Still no answer.

"M' boy died t' other day," he said quietly. Not receiving the sympathy that he had expected, he went on.

"'e was killed in a brawl on Westcott. Quite a fuss that was, sir, the kids were bleedin' . . ."

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed the gentleman reading the paper with disgust. The picture beside the article he was reading was that of policemen attempting to subdue a mob of bleeding and fighting creatures.

Thinking that he had finally aroused the man's attention, the driver went on.

"That it was, sir. It's disgraceful that those people's kids should be allowed to bully other people's kids. It ain't right, y' know. 'Alf the time, people like that don't know what their kids is doin' when they're out beatin' some poor devil up. M' boy was tryin' to defend himself, 'e was, an' then they started . . ."

"Turn right, here," interrupted the passenger without interest.

The driver did not even finish his sentence since he knew that it was futile to interest anyone in his sorrows. He felt the familiar lump rise slowly and chokingly into his throat and his tired eyes began to sting.

"What's the use?" he said to himself; "who cares?"

"Three forty-nine, sir?"

"Here y'are, sir."

"How much?"

"Eight and six, sir. G' bye, sir, 'n thank ya kindly."

He stared longingly after the well-dressed figure that was taking long, quick strides — A new suit, with a fresh carnation was so appealing.

It was an ordinary day. A lady complained about her arthritis, another chatted incessantly about her daughter's accomplishments, and an old man even talked about his butterfly collection. He could talk to none of them. His whole day consisted of driving and agreeing with Mrs. Chatham that her neighbour was completely in the wrong.

At the end of the day, the old cab turned toward home almost without the guidance of its driver. The sun, like a busybody unwilling to keep her nose out of others' affairs, reluctantly sank behind the clouds which again blocked his hazy view. The sky above had become overcast with smoke and grime, giving evidence of the toil of those who struggle for their survival in a busy world.

Having parked his source of revenue in the street, he approached the flat that he could truly call his own, — that is if he did not object to a dozen or more identical structures surrounding his. As the rusty key

turned in the rusty lock, an excited bark welcomed him home. A thin mongrel leapt at him in ecstasy, his scrawny tail wagging incessantly. A slow pleased smile on the man's face replaced the previous expression of concern and exhaustion.

"Guess y' miss Georgie, eh fella!" slapping the bony sides. "Go on out 'n I'll fix y' some scraps."

The dog obediently obliged, and the man drew back the curtains, browned at the edges with age and dampness, to catch a few of the receding beams and lighten the shabby room before he had to light the gas. He stared out on to the dirty street, completely enveloped in a reverie of happy memories. His momentary happiness was disturbed by an almost apologetic scratch at the door. He allowed the dog to enter and headed toward the cupboard to get the rest of his breakfast soup. The dog's bright, spirited eyes followed the man's tired shuffle and watched him light the fire and heat his soup.

While waiting for the soup to warm, he sat invitingly in one of the few chairs in the room and the dog bounded into his lap. He often sat and listened to the man, but could only tell by his tone of voice what his feelings were. The man scratched his ears and gently stroked his head.

"Y' know, 'enry, I often wonder what's the point of goin' on in this world when you're so unimportant that nobody gives a damn about your losses or needs."

With that he shuffled away to rescue the precious contents of the heavy steel pot, lest it escape and be destroyed if not treated and watched with care

PAMELLA KAYSER—Form VI

The Price

One there were grain fields, gold in the sun.
Once, through rain, barefoot children did run.

Once the gentle winds kissed the good rich earth.

Once the eyes of men held laughter and mirth.

Then came the war, destructive and bad.
Then came soldiers and took all we had.
Then our men left to fight and to die.
Then we women, tearfully, stood by.

Now this land lies deserted and bare.
Now it is barren because of no care.
Now I'm a widow with children three,
But, now our country is finally free.

JUDITH DOWLER—Form V

Man — The Inventor of Division

Sixty minutes, of sixty seconds,
divide an hour.

Sixty, and three hundred degrees,
divide a circle.

Ten, and two constellations,
divide a zodiac.

A heritage from Babylonian sages
And all resist the destroying hand
But what of man, inventor of division?
Black and white.

Creed and philosophy, divide a race.

Agression and animosity,

A heritage from Modern sages.

Who yet do say:
 "United we stand,
 divided
 we fall."

SUSAN FOLEY—Form VI

A Chance To Talk

A grating of gravel and slamming of car doors announced the arrival of some visitors in the farmyard.

"Probably city folks wantin' eggs and some of them chickens I dressed before breakfast. Just when I was goin' to help Ma with shellin' the peas. It's bad for her rheumatism to work so hard, but she just won't quit."

Tressie Metzger dried her hands on her apron and looked out of the window. She brightened visibly and called to her old mother who was keeping closer to the warm air rising from the furnace.

"It's Mrs. Gingerick and her granddaughters from Minnesota, come fer a Christmas visit." Tressie straightened her prayer cap and strode to the door, shouting to the dogs to be quiet.

"Come right on in and take off your wraps. Drat them 'coon dogs, they get all excited and scittery if anybody but Cecil comes near 'em. Yes, Cecil's out just now; he'll be sorry he missed you. He's gone fox-huntin' with some of the boys fer the bounty. Didn't you see the three of 'em, already hangin' by their feet from the first tree as you come in the driveway? He gets six dollars, what with the bounty and the price fer pelts.

"Why don't you children go on over to the barn and see the kittens. We've got two new litters. That old tabby cat with only

three legs which limps purty bad, which Cecil runned over with the mover last fall, had a litter, but most of her kitties died. Just about the same time, Cecil was cuttin' wood fer the furnace and he found four baby 'coons in one of the trees he was choppin' down. He had chopped through two of them before he knowed they was there, but saved the other two, and brought them home. We gave 'em to the old tabby cat to nurse and put in a couple of the dead kittens to reassure her. Well, purty soon she began takin' no notice of her babies who weren't movin' and took care of them baby 'coons just as proud as could be. She mothered 'em like her own until they got too rough with her.

"One of the 'coons died from somethin' 't ate and Cecil spoils the one that's left somethin' terrible. Why, he goes out to the barn and the 'coon comes runnin' out from behind the bales of straw and digs in his shirt pocket fer raisins. He loves raisins, and that's where just about all of mine go, but he's such a funny crittur with his bright eyes and shy ways that we just can't let him starve. But I never let Cecil bring him into the house ever since he sneaked in one day with the 'coon and just raised the dickens. But at least he didn't get into the eggs. I guess it was about the only thing he didn't get into.

"Ma was pleased to get your card for her eighty-fourth birthday. She got forty-three cards from people and so many were pictures of flowers. They know what she likes. I'll go git the card-holder and you ken look at them while I stoke the furnace. This bitter weather sure eats up the wood. Why, Cecil had to go over an' git another load from Yoder's wasteland yesterday afternoon and we've made a good hole in it already. But I suppose up where you live, this seems purty mild.

"Here are our Christmas cards too. There ain't quite so many of them but some are real clever. My niece Fern sent this here red one with her name worked into the first letters of the verse. It took us the longest time to find out who sent it, and Ma still thinks that whoever sent it didn't sign her name, but Cecil noticed that Fern hidden away there. Ain't it a pretty red?

"Well, if you must go, I guess you must. Here are some eggs and a few little things we canned last summer. No, don't worry about them. The eggs is the usual price. Cecil's goin' to be comin' in and wantin' his dinner so I'd better hop around and put

them chickens on to fry. Glad to see you all. Have a piece of fudge to keep you on the way home and come back soon."

MARGARET BERRY—Form VI

Troy

The night is still.
The great walled city sleeps
Unsuspecting.
Startled by the clashing armour,
Alive!
The brick resists,
But unrestrained
Hungry flame devours;
The city moans,
Shuddering, quivering,
Black walls masked in smoke
Spilling blood:
A starving rat seeks shelter, but
No shelter is.
Terror in waves
Splinters the night
Rises and defeats the stone,
One cry — the walls are down.

VICKI GRIFFITHS—Form IV

Miranda The Witch

Miranda was a witch with a sense of humour. She had a love of doing far-fetched things, of which her mother was trying her best to rid her. But, in the old lady's words, "We witches can't do everything, you know!"

Miranda and her family were very ordinary-looking people. No one in the neighbourhood ever suspected that they were the cause of the inexplicable power failures, or the mysterious appearance of full-grown trees from the middle of the street. It really was not the whole family who were responsible; it was Miranda.

One day Miranda decided to think of the craziest thing she could, and make it happen. She really was in no thinking mood, but the neighbours did get a surprise when they saw ninety-year-old Mrs. Binney come down the street riding a bicycle and wearing flippers!

"We really must do something!" moaned Miranda's mother to her brother. "This time she really has gone too far."

"I say she needs something to get her mind off mischief," replied the young warlock. "Say, a boy."

"Miranda and boys? Are you sure you're feeling okay?"

"Yes, of course I am, but, well, she's at the age, you know. But the trouble is we

don't know any eligible warlocks. Hey! Wait a minute! Does it necessarily have to be a warlock? There's a nice young boy who just moved in down the block. He's in Miranda's room at school. Do you think that maybe . . .?"

"Oh, nonsense! Not a warlock? Why I wouldn't think of it!" replied his mother.

"But you didn't," he replied, slyly.

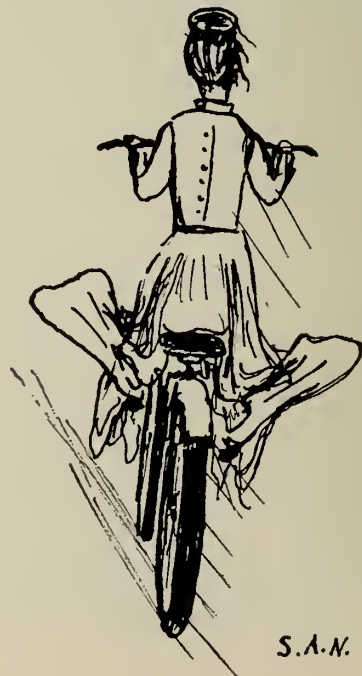
The next day the two schemers started dropping gentle hints to Miranda. They had to take care, though, or she might begin to suspect.

After a week, when none of their hints took effect, mother and son had another council of war.

"I've decided we must take direct action," he said, "like inviting this Paul character over after school. He's the captain of the football team, and I'm trying out, so I can use the excuse that I want some pointers from him."

And so "this Paul character" was invited home one day after school. As it turned out, football was never discussed. Paul took an immediate interest in Miranda's rock collection, and they spent all afternoon planning a rock-gathering expedition. Paul soon became as one of the family, and, lo and behold, Miranda stopped her tricks! Except once, two years later, just after Paul had asked Miranda to marry him, she was so happy that . . . down the street came Mrs. Binney — riding a bicycle and wearing flippers!

JUDITH GARDNER—Form IV



S.A.N.

Caught In The Act

Ever since my early childhood Aunt Sophy had lived with our family. Despite her apparent lack of physical handicap, she did not work. She was always 'feeling her arthritis' which naturally prevented her from doing the dishes on her day. My mother regularly prodded us children into washing them, stating emphatically that Aunt Sophy could not cure the ailments fate had predestined. My mother, a staunch believer in astrology, frequently predicted earth-shaking events which, sad to say, generally came to nought. My father believed, on the contrary, that Aunt Sophy was a trial of his soul planned by God. We five children merely wished she would do the dishes. With these cheering philosophies behind her, Aunt Sophy frequently lamented she would be better off dead, but I suspected it was to hear us deny this profusely that she said it.

One morning the family rose early for our annual 'blackberry day'. My father, despite the contrary opinions of the rest of us, believed he made better blackberry wine than could be bought. Thus we picked berries every year. Aunt Sophy did not generally go with us, but this time father decided to rouse and invite her.

Being the oldest, I was designated for the joyous task. I was amazed upon entering her room to find that she was not abed. Shortly after my announcement to this effect, we all heard a whistling and the sound of gravel crunching. Astonished, the family observed Aunt Sophy merrily rounding the bend in the road, riding a bicycle and wearing flippers! It was evident from her wet appearance she had been for a 'dip'. The thought that at the moment occurred in five little minds was, "Doubt we'll be doing her dishes again!"

JANE THOMAS—Form IV

Edward B.

There was a boy called Edward B.
Who n'er obeyed the elderly;
One day he did a dreadful thing —
He ate some blue and yellow string.
The string got twisted up inside.
Alas, that very night he died.
This is a warning to all little boys —
Never to play with dangerous toys.

FRANCES SPRINGBETT — Form III

Epitaph Of A Town

Now only the weather-torn timbers remain,
Bleached by the sun and rotted by rain,
And winds alone visit the cabins and mourn
For the death of the town which stands
hushed and forlorn.

It was wrought by bold men who westward
were lured

By legends of gold; their reason obscured
And blinded by greed, they fought to
survive

In the struggle for gold; the town sprang
up and thrived.

A town of the goldrush it seemed should
be great,

But not so with this village, for contrary fate
Had otherwise ruled and would not reveal
The gold which the mountains were said to
conceal.

And men who through their own greed had
been caught

By the tales, turned false as the gold they
had sought.

Embittered, they left and drifted around
The country, and with them the life of the
town

Which had symbolized hope, which had
made their life gay

Was brought to an end and left to decay.

Thus the soul is now gone from the town on
the plain;

Its swift glory past, it cannot live again,
And winds alone visit its cabins and mourn
For the death of the town which stands
hushed and forlorn.

KATHRYN NEILSON—Form V

Heritage

The jovial peasant ladies waddled to the
door to shake the damp hand of a handsome
young man. The man looked like a stately
redwood tree set among bushy evergreens.
The flamboyant colours of the peasants'
dresses contrasted with the man's grey suit.
His eyes, deep-set with a pensive air, and
his wind-blown, sun-baked complexion look-
ed out of place encircled by a stiff, spark-
ling-white collar. The father of the man
gave him a reproachful glance for his sil-
ence, but continued to laugh with the pea-
sants. Gradually each of the guests at the
home-coming party left.

Two of these peasants strolled down the
dusty trail gossiping.

"All that book-learning and politics has
gone to his head."

"Before he became a senator and went to La Paz he used to laugh and joke with us but now he holds us in contempt, as if we were mere animals."

"He used to be proud he was a peasant but now he seems to be ashamed of it."

"His father is different. Remember when he arrived here from the city all dressed in black? It was rumoured his wife had died."

"The first couple of weeks it seemed as if he were running away from something. He never told anyone of his previous life, as if the very thought of it was painful. I don't think he's even told his son. It must have been a terrible tragedy."

"But what could it have been? He is so kind and understanding. I remember . . ."

The conversation was carried by the wind across the fields, the ending to remain a secret."

The cool evening breeze from the Andes came through the window and eased the deep furrows in the man's forehead. He was staring at the black fringe of clouds growing quickly on the horizon. Gradually each star disappeared behind ominous clouds, just as each of his achievements had been over-shadowed. So the first star was hidden by the falling veil, he remembered his Peace Corps teacher. A second was hidden, and he thought of the correspondence courses, then examinations, his trip to La Paz, his election as senator; then last of all his appointment as ambassador to the United Nations. All that was left was the moon.

"The people in La Paz accepted me into their social groups, but not without enquiring glances, and whispering rumours. The newsmen often asked me about my family and childhood. What was I to tell them? I would be in a gutter with my wild ambitions in no time if I were to say I was a peasant!" A long silence followed — the lull before the storm; then like a thunder clap it came. "Why can't one's actions speak for themselves? . . . All my work, my success, and I am still just a peasant! But, how could I tell the President this to explain my resignation?"

In frustration his hand sought something, anything to give vent to his temper. He grasped a vase. The china shattered on the hard dirt floor into as many pieces as the raindrops which were now falling. Among the fragments lay a piece of fine paper. A diploma — "Cum Lauda!" . . . His father was a doctor! . . .

The ambassador walked slowly into the President's office in La Paz, never lifting his blood-shot eyes from the floor until he reached the desk. When he did raise his eyes he saw a small man, with twinkling eyes, playing with his resignation. To his amazement the President jokingly said, "I wondered when you would learn of your father's fame. You know, he saved my life in the war. Resignation? Do you think I would let a promising young politician fade into obscurity, as his father did because of that stupid doubt concerning his wife's death? You have to go to the United Nations and ask for help to improve the peasants' living conditions." And with a rip his resignation was in the wastepaper basket.

The storm had passed, and the rain had cleansed, and a new man was created.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL—Form III

On a Lake

Along the shore the golden sun is dancing
Clearly shining; clearly shining.
Boats in glowing foam of white are passing,
Fastly moving; fastly moving.
What happens to these visions so enchanting,
That travel fast; that travel fast?
Do they still go on in beauty never-ending,
Their difference vast; difference vast?
Let us gaze at beauty in glad adoration,
Minds having cleared; minds having cleared.
In appreciation seeing the glamour
Of scenes God has painted; scenes God
has painted.

MARGARET KENDALL — Form III

No Fuss?

Bare feet sound on the basement stair;
Protesting squeals rend the air;
A muffled voice is heard to declare,
"This time I'll do it without any fuss!"
Soapsuds flying!
Yelps and crying!
Water splashing!
Teeth are gnashing!
Puddles streaming
Everywhere.
Yet I had said, quite unaware,
"This time I'll do it without any fuss!"
Though now the room is a sight to be seen,
Our little dog, Kerry, is spanking clean;
And I'm forgiven and back in his grace
As he slaps his tongue all over my face.

JANE FERGUSON—Form III



SCHOOL ORGANISTS

A Dream Come True

Ever since I have been in Grade One at Balmoral Hall, I have always admired our School organists and yearned to be one of them. My enthusiasm increased when the new organ was purchased in 1959 and I bought my "keys" to assist in paying for it. Finally after ten years of impatient waiting, I had an audition. When I qualified, I started a number of Saturday morning practice sessions and was soon assigned a morning to play for Prayers. It was with considerable trepidation that I took my position at the organ, but once I began to play, it was a thrill to hear the whole school singing and following my lead, and to know that I was filling a vital part in our morning service of worship. The satisfaction which this gave me more than compensated for the many hours of piano practice necessary before I could touch the organ.

VICKI GRIFFITHS—Form IV

The Moderns Go To School

On Wednesday, January 27, the "Moderns Go To School" from the Manitoba Theatre Centre visited Balmoral Hall. They presented a programme consisting of two poems from the Grade Ten and Eleven Syllabus, a play, "The Marriage Proposal" by Anton Chekhov, and "Mrs. Joseph Porter," a reading from Dickens.

The poems, "The Wind our Enemy," by Anne Marriott, and "The Ballad of Dick Turpin" by A. Noyes were accompanied by a guitarist, which produced a very dramatic effect and aided by presentation. The

play concerns a man who went to propose to a girl and ended by arguing with her; it was very amusing.

The programme ended with a poem, "Daniel" by V. Lindsay, sung as a folk song. The actors gave a magnificent performance, which brought us the enjoyment of modern poetry and theatre.

PATRICIA JOHNSTON

The Christmas Carol Service

The stage curtain were drawn; the organ silent; the guests quietly seated. Into this reverent atmosphere came both light and music as the choir and school proceeded up the aisle. To the familiar strains of "Once in Royal David's City" the school entered the hall, the congregation rose, and the Carol Service began.

Following the opening prayer, the School Choir began the recital of carols with "Fanfare." Beautifully contrasted to the exhilarating "Gloria's!" were the soft voices of Grades II and III singing, "Whence, O Shepherd Maide?" The Junior Choir then sang the French carol, "Jeanette, Isabelle," and Grades IV, V, VI, "Carol of the Birds." The recital was ended with two carols sung by the School Choir.

Then all eyes focussed on the stage as the curtains slowly opened to reveal the first picture of the Nativity. As Junior and Senior students read the appropriate passages from the Bible, the figures on stage unfolded the story of the Birth of Christ. The scenes were interspersed and accompanied with carols, and the service concluded with the recessional, "The first Nowell."

ROBERTA KIPP

A Most Remarkable Women

The day dawned sunny and hot. Already some of the guests were up from their sticky beds and were strolling to the cantina for breakfast as I gazed out of the window. My father, who owned the Circle Z Dude Ranch was hurrying down the dusty mud road to the large green and white stable.

Suddenly I heard a loud honking, and ran out into the yard. Already a crowd had gathered to watch the arrival of a black, shiny Rolls-Royce. The car stopped and out squeezed a short, immense creature with a huge head laid on heavy, fat shoulders. She had a large black mark at the tip of her nostrils and ugly red scars covering her fat face. She wore a bright, blonde, fuzzy wig with a diamond on the top. She was squeezed into a pair of gigantic lemon yellow slacks and a green and red checked shirt. She also had an exotic jade necklace around her thick, lumpy neck.

"Well, don't just stand there gaping, you rude people! Magoo! Carry my bags to my room!" shrieked this weird woman.

A sigh and a sad, "Yes, ma'am," was heard, and out of the car popped a tiny, dark, wizened man with worried black eyes. He wore dusty, old black riding clothes, and a broad-brimmed riding hat was pulled over long, black, touselled hair. He picked up her monstrous trunk, securely locked with a giant padlock, and trailed bowlegged behind her, while she waddled ahead of me.

"How many horses are there at this little ranch? **If you call it a ranch!**" she suddenly exclaimed and I noticed she stressed the word "if."

"One hundred and twenty-five," I replied proudly.

"Is that all? In Europe I visited at least ten estates with over four hundred horses!"

"That must have been fun," I said politely.

"Not really," she retorted.

By now we had reached the cottage where she would be staying.

"Are you suggesting that I live there?" she rudely asked.

I must admit it was rather small, but no smaller than any of the other cottages.

"Why, uh . . . no, you can sleep in my room." I replied on a sudden impulse as I knew Dad would be angry if we lost a guest.

"I? Sleep in a child's room? In Europe I lived in a palace!"

By now I felt like telling this rude, haughty woman to go back to Europe, but I held my tongue and politely replied. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but all our other rooms are rented."

"All right, if this is the best you have," she interrupted. Magoo pulled her heavy trunk into her cottage and as I left I heard him ask, "Where shall I sleep, Mrs. Leipzig?"

"Sleep in the barn for all I care, Magoo!" she replied.

The woman appeared ten minutes later and shouted to Dad, "When is luncheon served? I'm hungry!"

Dad said, "We have just finished breakfast Mrs. . . . uh . . ."

"Smith!" she snapped. "In Europe when I desired food, I received it, and I expect it here too, Mr. Hornshaw!"

"The name's Hamshaw, ma'am," Dad replied politely.

"What of it?" Mrs. Smith retorted.

Finally it was time for dinner. Dad was explaining to some of the dudes why horses' tails were clipped and how it was done, when suddenly Mrs. Smith interrupted with, "You're wrong! What do you know about it?"

After dinner it was even worse! She sat with us breaking into the guests' conversations to boast that she had played poker in Las Vegas and seen horse races in Europe. "Why was this woman acting so queerly and being so unsociable? Why did Magoo call her Mrs. Leipzig and she call herself Mrs. Smith?" I wondered.

For two weeks she lived here spoiling plans, ruining stories and aggravating everybody.

One day after dinner we were discussing riding in foreign countries. Dad said he preferred Western riding in the States to English riding in Europe as he thought it was much more fun. Most of the guests agreed but suddenly in an angry hiss, Mrs. Smith screeches, "Mr. Hornshaw, I have never been in such a rude crowd of people in all my born days! I am leaving with Mr. Magoo tomorrow and I . . . I hope your barn burns down and all your horses are killed!"

She hurried off, turning once to give us a dreadful look.

"Please, sir," a little voice was heard. "Don't be angry with her." It was Magoo.

"Susie was one of the most famous riders in Austria, thirty-two years ago."

"Susie?" Dad questioned.

"Susie Leipsig was her real name," he replied in a quiet monotonous tone. "Her husband was Colonel Wolfgang Leipsig . . ."

"Oh! I've heard of him!" one of the guests interrupted.

"And they were very rich and happy," Magoo continued very slowly, "and had a stable full of magnificent horses. One night a fire started in the barn by a lighted cigarette dropped in the hay. Susie and Wolfgang ran out to try to save the horses, but the barn collapsed, killing Wolfgang and all the horses."

At this moment, two big tears rolled out of his sad eyes, but he kept on with his story.

"Susie was found badly burned with all her hair singed off. She was in hospital for three years. She had put on over one hundred pounds, had no hair, had ugly red scars marring her once-beautiful face, and she had no family. She began to hate all mankind because of that one careless dropper of the cigarette. But, she couldn't stay away from horses. She was always kind to me in the happier days when I was in charge of the stables and so I have been travelling with her to protect her against the enemies she makes. She has had so much bad luck! Please forgive her!"

"Magoo! Come here this moment!"

Magoo looked at my father beseechingly. Dad smiled. "Okay, You don't have to lift that trunk again for a while, if you'll come and give me your advice about a mare I'm worried about."

DEBORAH DICKSON—Form III

Christmas Party

The boarders' annual Christmas dinner party had an unusual feature this year. After the usual delicious turkey dinner, everyone went to the Senior Common Room. Here we surprised Miss Sharman with a shower for her new apartment. Among the varied household items, the most original wrapping was a mop disguised as a girl with blue hair. The students ended this happy evening with their favorite folk songs led by Marsha, Barb, Roberta and Kay.

THEODORA NANCE—Form V



SHERYL AND CUPID

Cupid Capers

After each couple passed through a red and white cascade of streamers, their attention focussed on the centre of the dance floor. Grade Twelve's Sheryl Noonan had struck again by creating a life-size golden cupid on a base of hearts. The rest of the gymnasium was decorated with the traditional red and white hearts and cupids, lace and elegance.

A great variety of music kept everyone's spirits high. No casualties occurred, but a few minor collisions were reported during the polka, which was wisely followed by a relaxing waltz. Later in the evening, a light supper was served in the dining room, also decorated for the occasion. February the twelfth was a memorable night that fluttered many hearts, including some that were not made of cardboard.

PAMELLA KAYSER—Form VI

The Treasures Of Tutankhamen

At the entrance to the Exhibition we were met by Dr. Riad. He was there to explain the Egyptian signs which were on a piece of cardboard. Dr. Riad is a man from Egypt who came with the treasures so that he could explain what each one was and what it represented.

The first exhibit was a necklace made of sheet gold representing a winged cobra. This interesting treasure has a weight at the back so that it will not fall forward, and was found on the chest of the mummy. Another necklace found in the tomb is in the form of a hawk with extended wings. The body consisting of an openwork cage of gold containing a green stone and the rest of the figure being of gold inlaid with semi-precious stones and coloured glass. The counterpoise is in the shape of a human heart.

The most beautiful thing, in my opinion, was a miniature Mummy case, called a Sarcophagus. This case held the lungs. Originally there were four of these cases. This one was of beaten gold, while the inside was all covered by writing in Egyptian. Outside was the most perfectly carved face, and ceremonial robes. There was some dye in it for the eyes. Further on there was an alabaster head in the form of the king's. This was once the lid of a canopic chest. A canopic chest is a place where they put small mummy cases.

We also saw a pair of linen gloves, a bracelet made of gold, with some green and red glass inlaid and two very heavy, thick, gold rings. They were large, because they were placed on the outside of the mummy wrappings. After that we saw a pair of toe casts made of beaten gold, which went on the outside of the mummy wrappings.

There was a wooden swabti figure that looked like the mummified king, wearing the headdress and carrying the crook and flail which are of plain copper. Also there was another swabti figure made of sandstone carved in the likeness of the king holding the crook and flail. These were servants to be used in the life hereafter. Along with the other items there was a crook and a flail, both made of blue and gold glass with the flat ends engraved with the king's cartouches.

King Tut's tomb was not discovered till 1921. The reason it was not robbed is that he was buried beside another king in the Valley of the Kings. When they were building the other king's tomb, the chips of marble and stone felloff on King Tut's tomb and buried it. Thus we were able to see actual objects from Egyptian life a thousand years ago.

BARBARA CAMPBELL,
CATHERINE THOMAS,
MARY WISWELL—Grade VI

War

The brook was babbling gaily in its bed
that sunny morn,
The sun had barely risen for the day was
newly-born,
The trees stood tall and stately till breezes
caught them unaware,
The sunlight shimmered brightly on the
leaves the trees did bear.
Great clouds arose and filled the sky, the
sun was blotted out,
The air became a clinging mass, the wind
was now without
Its mischief and its naughtiness; it turned
away with fear,
The world was all so petrified it dared not
shed a tear.
The brook was flowing sadly in its bed
that silent night,
The world was full of sorrow for that day
there'd been a fight.
Young boys and men and women from their
work were called away
To fight and serve their country and to die
that fateful day.

JULIE WILDGOOSE—Form IV

Pursuit

Bounding across the open plains
They leapt to flee their hunter's fangs,
A mother deer and her young one fled
From a dark gray wolf, who like
shadow sped.
The doe and her fawn began to falter,
But the wolf his pace he did not alter;
The wolf closed in about the deer
The doe and fawn grew weak with fear.
But courage overtook the deer
As pain welled up beneath her ear.
A hoof shot out with lightning speed;
The wolf was dead; the fawn was freed!

CLARE POWELL — Form 1

The Cruel North

Cold and bleak, barren and vast,
Sleet and snow, but seldom sun,
Icy plains and frozen valleys,
All the rivers have ceased to run.
Lifeless and loveless, no living thing
Exists upon this lonely land;
Silence reigns, no human sounds
Where deadly cold extends its hand.
The howling wind, the drifting snow,
The slushy sleet, the threatening sky;
The buried plains 'neath mounds of
snow,
In frozen rivers icebergs lie.

The seasons change, but not the land —
No sign of life — man, beast, or bird,
Just the snow and ice are seen,
And only the violent wind is heard.

CLAIRE ROULSTON—Form II

Apollo

Apollo, Apollo, cast down thy rays,
That the wheat may grow again today.
May the rice in far China; and flax
in Dundee,

Once again toss in the sun with glee.
Oh fill the earth with your bountiful
light,
Cast away Somnus with his sleepy night,
Take your place in the glorious sky.
And Shine o'er the world, oh, king so
high!

Shine, and cheer up the sleepy earth,
And fill our hearts once more with
mirth,
Make known thy warmth to everyone,
Oh, wonderful, marvellous god of the
sun!

JANE HARRISON—Form I

"Tin Teeth"

It all happened at school one day playing
"Pom-pom-pull-away." I was running with
my eyes shut. When I opened them, I had
smashed into the fence. Then Lorna and
another girl took me inside the school. I
went to look in the mirror and saw that I
had broken my teeth in an unusual way.
I had made an Indian tent of my teeth. I
went to look for the bits of tooth, but they
were lost.

When the morning was over, I went to
the dentist. He put on silver caps. Then
everybody called me "Tin Teeth." I just
hated the name.

For two whole years I felt miserable.
Then Christmas was coming. All I wanted
from Santa was two white teeth and my
dentist promised me some.

At last the day came. He put the white
caps on. I was so glad to have them on be-
cause nobody can call me "Tin Teeth" again.

PATRICIA ANDERSON—Grade IV

Our Trip To Eaton's

On Wednesday the third of February
Grades One, Two and Three went on the
bus to Eaton's to see the animals.

When we got there we saw some mon-
keys and a long fat snake.

Then we saw the boa-constrictor. It
is a snake, it was wound up in a ball.

We also saw some turtles their shells
were different colours. One turtle was under
a pile of them and he looked as if he were
dead.

We saw the tail of an armadillo but the
rest of him was under the hay, We saw lots
of other animals.

We came home on the bus and everyone
had had a wonderful day.

BARBARA ASHDOWN—Grade III
SIGNY STEWART

The Kettle

I'm an old black kettle
With a crooked nose,
I never want to settle
But I always want to pose.

I had my picture taken
On a frosty morning day,
As I sat there I was shaken
Then quietly I lay.

Now I always want to settle
But I never want to pose,
I'm a good black kettle
With a crooked nose

LORRAINE CRAMP—Grade V

Have You Heard About...

The native King who owned a magnifi-
cent throne, all gold and in-laid with jewels.
Fearing an attack by a neighbouring tribe,
who would surely steal his throne, he decid-
ed to hide it. But where? Not in the forest —
a warrior might find it. Not in a tree — it
might fall and break. Finally he decided to
hide it in the thatched roof of his hut. He
won the battle, and then wanted to have
the throne for his victory feast, but couldn't
remember where it was hidden. As he paced
and thought in his hut, the wind blew
strongly and the throne fell on the king and
killed him.

Moral: People who live in grass huts
shouldn't stow thrones.

JANIS McKEAG—Form II

May 6

TRIBUNE

WANTED

2 BOYS for
B.H. GRAD

Particulars: ~~~~~



KIPP
DANLERO FIELD



Mrs. Elliot

For many, many years Mrs. Elliot has been in the hall of the residence to welcome the boarders when they arrive in September, to look after them during the year and to bid them farewell at the stations and airport.

She has taken care of colds and 'flu and mumps and measles. And she has taken care of the noisy and the naughty ones, the sad ones and glad ones — and loved them all.

Now it is time for Mrs. Elliot to look after herself. When she leaves us in June she takes with her our love and good wishes for many happy days of leisure.

Utopia

Down the majestic mountains which soared high above the virgin forest, flowed the unharnessed stream into the hidden valley below. This wide panorama was part of my country. Northern Canada! Free from the enslaving ways of man, it was not smothered by industries or dissected by roads; instead, it was engulfed with the intense beauty of the wilderness. How I had anticipated this moment standing alone before my log cabin, while I beheld the glassy lake reflecting the setting sun — beholding my paradise!

I remember, in my youth, my mother had to whisper to me in chapel, "Son, you're daydreaming again; listen to the sermon." As far back as I can remember, I always

mused over the same dream. Now, twenty years of age, and alone in the world, my wish had been fulfilled.

I had been unrooted from my home in the Niagara Peninsula by a hurricane which had wiped out my entire family. Luckily, if one could describe it so, I had been working miles away when the storm tore at our little bungalow and killed my two brothers, baby sister and parents. Then, I was living in a land of plenty — peaches, pears, apples and with all life's amenities; but now I was in a different land of plenty, a land not made by man, but by God alone. This land did not flourish with fruits and luxuries, but with silvery streams, golden sunsets and towering evergreens. It was not only plentiful in beauty, but also in wildlife; the flashing trout, the fluttering grouse and the graceful deer were all emblems of the North. These animals could also serve me as food, if my stock ever ran low; but how I hated to kill defenceless things! I remember the tragic day, or what then seemed a day of true disaster, when my father had set a trap for the gopher that was ruining our lawn. How I had pleaded with him not to do it, but, as would any man who found his land being depleted, he set out to remove the destroyer. That night when it was trapped, I cried myself to sleep. At seven one cannot understand necessity, only impatient desire.

The falling darkness terminated my thoughts and as I entered the cabin, I took a last look at my Utopia. The wind whistling through the trees made it seem as if the whole forest were beckoning to me; it was as if magic, like an intense desire, was drawing me unto it. The hooting of the owl broke the entrancing spell and so, I closed the little wooden door behind me on that velvety night.

Dawn brought the warmth of the sun, and I arose early to explore the surrounding landscape. How beautiful the woods looked soaked in dew. Every bird that flew over me, every leaf that fluttered in the early morning breeze, every flap of a beaver's tail gave me a tingling sense of freedom. As I explored the country, I knew this was the only place in which I could ever be content — the only place in which I could ever be free to live as I wanted. Every brook opened up a new kingdom to me, every crevice and canyon, a new world. It was my country, and it was free!

DEANNA SILVESTER—Form V



Our Second "Day In The Country"

On a beautiful Saturday, September 19, at Mr. and Mrs. George Andison's MareMar Farm, the Balmoral Hall Auxiliary ventured upon another Day in the Country. Praying for sunshine, mothers and daughters arranged their stands, and anxiously awaited their first patrons. The weather report had foretold a warm, bright day, and this we had. So, with a perfect setting and fair weather, what more could one ask? Crowds? We had those too — friends, brothers, parents, and grandparents all poured in.

The girls, if not selling tickets, helping at food stands, or leading ponies, were running errands, and perhaps selling "sulky tickets" in their spare moments. No one was left out. Mothers could buy at the fresh vegetable stands while their teenage sons and daughters enjoyed an old-fashioned Barn Dance; grandparents listened to the Scottish bagpipe players while the youngest members of the family took exciting rides on the "twirling chairs."

A special feature at the handicrafts stall this year were the Barbie doll clothes made by some of the Seniors. Special prizes for outstanding work were awarded to Margaret Andison for abridal outfit, to Sally Spohn and Frances Tanner for evening dresses; and Frances Tanner and Katharine Kilgour for day-time ensembles.

The late afternoon entertainment featured a horse show and harness races. The audience received the horses very enthusiastically as they went through their paces. Thoroughbreds, saddle-breds, Kentucky walking horses, and hunters — they were all there, each with its own way of performing, and each entirely different. After adult riders had put their mounts through difficult dressage and show paces, some Balmoral Hall equestriennes put on a jumping exhibition which was followed by a display of riding by the Manitoba Team.

Between riding events, four horses, and sulkies, each representing one of the School's Houses, sped around the track in four different races. Much to the delight of Glen Gairn the red horse proved to be the undefeated champion, bringing the house a new mascot as first prize.

The end of the day found all the home-baking and most of the handicrafts sold, and dozens of hot dogs and hamburgers ravenously eaten. As our friends drove away from the extensive, but well-filled parking field, they chatted gaily about lawn bowling fishing for prizes, throwing darts at balloons, and many of the other enjoyable features of this happy Day in the Country.

DEANNA SILVESTER
KATHRYN NEILSON
MARY BRUCE



The Library Executive

Honorary Librarian	— Susan Hutchings
Senior Librarian	— Margaret Berry Pamella Kayser
Circulation Manager	— Ruth Thomas
Junior School Librarian	— Mary Dickson
Artistic Director	— Susan Guest

The Senior Library

This year has been an unusually busy one in the Senior Library, and a great deal of progress has been made. In the fall, through the kindness of the Mothers' Auxiliary, new shelves were built so that they reached the ceiling on three sides of the room and some adjustable shelves were put in for the encyclopaediae and reference books. This provided room for expansion and large quantities of new books, especially on the Sciences, were ordered. The Mothers' Auxiliary also provided for the building of a librarian's desk which has added greatly to the efficiency and appearance of the library.

The Senior Library Executive and Committee helped Mrs. Kreutzer whenever they could, and each had particular jobs and times on duty in the library. Special thanks should go to Kay Alexander and Margaret Upham who always remembered when they

were on duty, and often did extra work, when they had a spare moment.

It is always surprising to find out how much work it takes to process new books. For each new book the librarians prepared the filing cards which then had to be typed and filed. The book was accessioned, and shellacked; labels and plastic covers were put on and a pocket and "date due" slip were pasted in, before the book was ready for the shelf. Approximately three hundred and fifty books were put into circulation in this way this year. Many older books were repaired by groups of mothers and the Library is grateful for the many donations of new and used books.

It has been a year of exceptional achievement in the Library, and everything points to next year's being another interesting one in this important field of Senior School interest.

MARGARET BERRY

The Junior Library

The Junior Library, this year, has been a place of great activity, headed by Mary Dickson. The children have been encouraged to take out at least one book a week from the Library, and we have found that more and more they have looked toward the non-fiction shelves, without being encouraged. However, they have been encouraged to read books concerning other countries. The Library Committee, consisting mainly of Form V, play an important part in the Junior Library. Every day a member of this committee returns books to the shelves and keeps the Library tidy.

Displays, this year have been interesting and included UNICEF posters to encourage sharing with less fortunate children.

There have been many additions to our Junior Library this year, and the Library has been a vital part of the life of the Junior School. In conclusion I want to thank Mr. Kreutzer for her advice and help in all phases of the Junior Library's work.

PAMELLA KAYSER

Le Pauvre Monsieur

Bonjour mes amis, je suis Coquette. Je suis le chien de Monsieur La Fleur. Il est un très gros, gras, et grand homme. Ah, le voici.

"Ah, bonjour, Coquette. Comment vas-tu?" Il rit parce que j'aboie pour lui répondre. "Viens, Coquette, allons nous promener dans la rue du Commerce. Où est la laisse? Ah, la voici."

Mon maître porte un costume noir, une fleur rouge dans la boutonnière, et il porte sa canne. Mon maître est très élégant et très fier, . . . mais . . . moi aussi.

Nous passons un mendiant aveugle avec son chien. Le chien est assis sur les pattes de derrière et dans sa gueule est un chapeau brun. Il mendie. Le monsieur et son chien sont très pauvres. Monsieur La Fleur est bon, il fait l'aumône.

Nous arrivons à un banc. Mon maître est fatigué, donc nous nous arrêtons et il s'assoit. Le soleil brille, alors il met ses lunettes noires et enlève son chapeau, il le met à côté de lui. Je suis en liberté. Je prends le chapeau et je le mets dans la gueule. Je mendie pendant que mon maître dort.

Après quelque temps, un agent de police passe. Il porte un uniforme avec un kèpi, et une ceinture. Il regarde Monsieur La Fleur et moi. Soudain, il réveille mon maître. Il l'accuse de mendier quand il est riche.

L'agent de police saisit le monsieur et le mène au poste.

A ce moment, je suis en laisse, mais ce n'est pas mon maître qui tient la laisse, c'est l'agent de police. Monsieur La Fleur proteste contre l'accusation mais nous allons quand même au poste.

Eh moi? Je trouve ça très amusante.

LINDA ARNETT—Form II

Does Canada Need a New Flag?

When Canada was a young nation, her connection with Britain was close. Canada looked to her for support and guidance. Today, Canada is a secondary power in the world. There are still formal ties with Britain, but these are gradually lessening and soon Canada will be able to change her own constitution. With new Canadians as in the wastepaper basket.

from all over the globe, we need a flag to represent all the people, not just a portion of them.

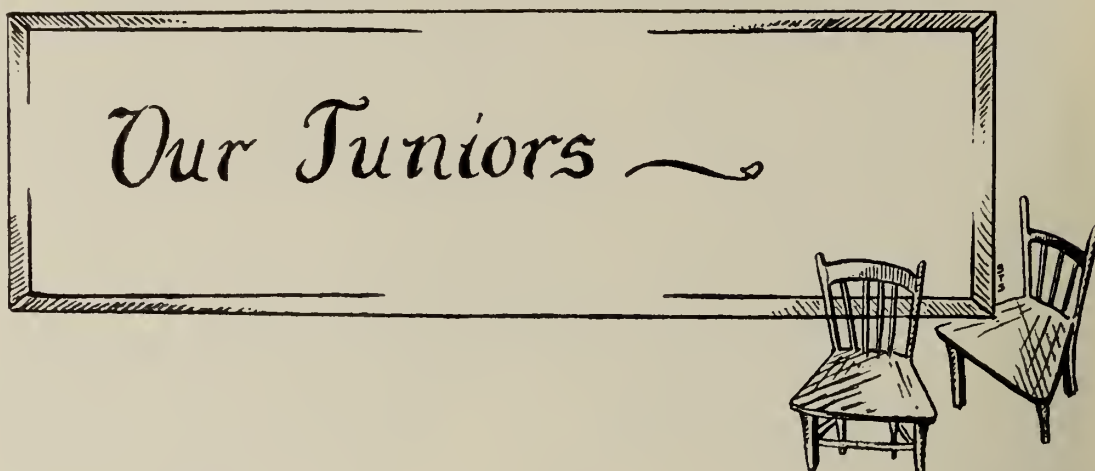
The Red Ensign with its fleur-de-lis and Union Jack represents the part the British and French played in our history. What of the Germans who were established at Lunenburg even before the arrival of the American Loyalists in 1783? Today there are other new nationalities in Canada — Ukrainian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, Indian, Japanese, Chinese and still others from Africa, Asia, Europe and South America. We do not need a flag steeped in history and tradition, we need a flag which represents Canada today and Canada in the future.

Many veterans of the wars say they fought for the Ensign and to them it is a symbol of the wars. They fought for the country, not the flag. Today Canada is interested in progress; tradition is in the past, and although important, it cannot be allowed to rule our lives and our future.

The flags of Canada and New Zealand are similar, red with a Union Jack. The flags of Australia, and the Union of South Africa are much the same also. We are a distinct country; therefore we should have a distinct flag.

Today we need a flag that is truly Canadian, not partly British, or partly French. We need a flag which symbolizes Canada's future, not her past; one of which every Canadian, no matter where he was born, can be proud. We need a flag that says, to quote The Honourable Lester B. Pearson, "I stand for Canada."

JUDITH DOWLER—Form V



Bewitched And Bewildered

The first time I saw Wellington's Witch' was coming home on the bus. It was quite obvious that it was the 'Witch.' She was dressed completely in black and wore a cloak-like coat. The bus was quite empty and I was feeling nervous, when to my relief, the Witch got off.

The first time I heard about this 'lady in black' was when Wellington, my brother, came home and said in a very frightened voice that he had seen a witch. He does not say things like that without meaning them. Then the whole story came out bit by bit. The Witch had seen him being pushed about by a bully. She had stopped and, as Wellington said, "Nearly turned me into a worm, but I ran away."

I did not expect to see that deadly figure again but each day she would get on my bus. At last, a month after my first meeting the Witch, I followed her off the bus. For about ten minutes I sneaked behind her but suddenly she stepped into an old house. I crept behind her. Bang! the door slammed.

By now, "my Witch" was entering a dark and dingy room. The windows were boarded up and the shelves were filled with bottles, cups and papers. One shelf had at least six cages full of mice and hamsters. The Witch took off her coat, revealing a navy blue dress. Then she sat on a chair and was soon snoring her way to the land of witchcraft.

My curiosity had now been fully aroused so I tiptoed in, but the Witch awoke. Nimbly I darted behind a large table, but to my

surprise the Witch walked out, locking the door behind her. What could I do? Would I ever see Mummy and Daddy again? Would I starve? Then I ran out from under the table, screaming and pounding on that heavy oaken door.

As my senses returned I quietened down. There were many objects of interest in this room — even a television set. Now as my eyes swept my prison I saw a bottle of small explosives. I impulsively removed the jar from its place and made a small pile of the stuff. I struck a match and I put it to my pile of "Hope." There was a flash, and, before I could step back, I fainted.

When I woke up, I was in a clean, white room, and the sheets on the bed were clean and starched. Suddenly I saw the Witch. I felt like screaming but was too weak. The Witch explained in a soothing voice that I had a nasty bruise and that I had made rather a mess of my hair.

Startled, I sat up and felt my hair — or what was left of it. Half an hour later I was sitting up drinking cocoa with Mummy and Daddy and even Wellington was listening eagerly to my story. It seems that the Wit — I mean Miss Turnipp was a scientist, who was not allowed to use a proper laboratory. She was compelled to wear black and to bear the name of a witch,

Reporters and photographers came and very soon the whole city knew that was no Witch. As for my hair, that grew again.

ELIZABETH HAWORTH—Grade VI

The Mysterious Land

It was a lovely night when they set off on the magic broom. They landed in a place where they had never been. They saw a marble palace, found the door and entered.

Inside they were greeted by two fairies who carried them up to the throne room and sitting on the throne was a queen dressed in blue. The queen said, "Greetings, Gretta and Fuzz. I know you are tired so the fairies will show you to your rooms."

Gretta had a lovely blue room while Fuzz had a red room. In the closet each found a robe the colour of their room. Beside the bed was a box which had written on it "PUT ONE DROP OF WATER ON ME." This each did and a full course meal popped up before their eyes. They were very busy for at least an hour, and when the meals were finished they went to bed.

In the morning they woke up just in time to see a box just like the ones they had for dinner, pop out on the table. When they finished their breakfasts Fuzz went into Gretta's room and they talked about where they might go. Suddenly out of a cloud of smoke the Queen appeared.

"May I be your guide for today?" she asked.

They both agreed and went outside. Suddenly they cried, "We can fly, we can fly!" and both followed the Queen.

The first thing they saw was the money tree, then a house made of logs. Nothing queer about that except that it was upside down. Then they saw a lovely picnic ground and flew down to have lunch.

The Queen also told them they were in Fudo Land and her name was Diane the Great. Gretta and Fuzz gasped for they knew that Diane the Great reigned over all the world. The Queen did not have to tell either of them that they were the first to know her real name. This was because if the people knew her real name they would get a strange feeling and kill themselves.

Now they started off and saw more strange things. There was a little dog all colours of the rainbow playing with a cat with polka-dots. Then they saw a horse that looked something like a frog.

Soon they had to return to the Queen's palace. They then said they must return home. They were shown the way out and the Queen and her servants remained at the door until they had climbed on their broom and were on their way.

CAROL SCHMIDT—Grade VI

A Thought Of Rhythm

The sunset was flaming
to set horizon afire;

The shades that it glows
put the world on a spire.

Wind wandered and sung
the sand all among.

While musical palm sway
to endless small waves

That lap the golden sand.

Then out from the sea
a figure came forth

So graceful, so proud
with hair spun like gold;

All garbed in red roses
and lilies so white

With light nimble steps
she danced in the wind

Along the golden sand.

Suddenly she fled
for the sky had grown grey;

Alas morning! she cried
and to seaward she ran.

Some say it was but a thought
others — Silvia — a nymph

Who wanders still
on the wind-swept beach

And over the golden sand.

DONNA ROGERS—Grade VI

A Strange Adventure

One night I was wakened by a beautiful fairy. She was dressed in blue. I knew who she was. She was the Night Fairy. I had seen her in my picture book.

She said, "I have come to take you for a little trip to Fairyland. Would you like to go to Upside-Down Town or the Animal Town?"

"Oh! I would like to go to Animal Town."

"You must have a wand for this trip. Now say, Sadigota Nipegia Sogaponi." I looked in the mirror and I saw nothing! I knew that I was invisible. Then the fairy gave me a pair of wings. We flew out of the window and passed all the trees. Then a star opened up and we went right through it. I saw a sign saying, "5½ Turns To Animal Town and another sign saying, "9¾ Turns To Upside-Down Town."

Just then I saw a little wheel. The fairy went and sat on it. I did the same. We went

around five times and flew into Animal Town.

Suddenly, I saw a very funny thing! Cats, dogs, and horses were walking around. The cats and dogs were leading thin and fat people who were wearing collars and leashes. There was a very thin Poodle leading a very fat lady. The horses were riding on very tall men. Then I heard a crash! Five men and women dressed in black came rushing up the road pulling a white coach. We went over to what I thought was a pet store, but to my surprise it was called a People Store. In one of the windows I saw a little boy kicking like a little kid.

But the fairy said we had to go. So we sat on another wheel and went around five and a half times. We landed where we had started. We flew back out of the star and back to my bedroom. I gave the fairy back her wand and wings and she flew out of the window.

BARBARA COLE—Grade V

A Naughty Day

I must admit and so I say,
I had a very naughty day.
Now listen; Shh! I played at sledding
On my mother's nicest bedding.
Then I had a little drink,
A very little drink of ink.
I was so upset I ran away.
I knocked the oil lamp, made it sway.
Soon there was a scary smell
That made me wish I had a well
The house was on fire!
The danger was dire!
Soon help came rushing
With water agushing.
At last the fire was put away
But I'll never forget that naughty day.

SUSAN GARBETT—Grade V

Home's Best

Once upon a time there was a magic rocking chair that lived with an old woman. One day the chair ran away because he didn't want the old lady's son tipping him over and throwing stones at him.

In a little while the magic rocking chair came to a brook. He tried jumping but the brook was too wide. He tried swimming but the brook was too deep. Just then he remembered that he could fly so he flew across the brook. He soon got lost in the woods.

A little house was on the path, so the magic rocking chair went up to it. A little elf opened the door and said, "I was expecting you, come in please." The rocking chair went into the house and he was surprised at all the doors. One door said "Home," another said "Far away." "Where would you like to go now?" asked the elf.

"Home," and whoosh! the rocking chair was at home. How happy he was and he never ran away again.

SHAWN COX—Grade III



The Red Rocking Chair

Once upon a time there was an old lady who lived in Tiny Town. One day she went to sit down on her old rocking chair but when she sat down it wasn't comfortable. That night the old woman went to bed very tired. The next day she went to the store and bought a red rocking chair and started for home. When she got home the first thing she did was to sit down in her new rocking chair. In a short time the old lady fell asleep. Soon she woke up and found herself on a cloud but still on the red rocking chair. The old lady was surprised at what had happened and thought she was asleep, so she tried to wake herself up but she couldn't. Soon night came and the old woman began to cry. Suddenly the rocking chair began to fly down to the store that it came from. The old lady got off when the rocking chair landed and walked off. The red rocking chair was never seen again.

DIANNE SPEERS—Grade III

Stories "Recorded" By Grade 1

The Kitten

Once upon a time there was a kitten and her name was Charlene. And she was very cross because her mother said she could never go outside. But she loved to climb up trees and all that sort of stuff but she never could.

But that night when she went to bed her mother read her a story about kittens. But she didn't like stories, she only liked to climb trees. Well, the next day her mother went out so the kitten started to climb up a tree. When her mother got home she saw the kitten still up the tree and she got very cross. The kitten climbed down and never went up again and they lived happily ever after.

LAUREL HOWARD—Grade 1

The Little Dog

Once upon a time there was a little dog and his name was Spot. Spot lived in a nice house. But Spot had a problem and he said, "I don't like the colour I am. I want to be all one colour. I don't like my spots." So spot ran away. He went walking along the road. Then he saw a can of paint and he thought, "If I paint myself I'll be all one colour." But Spot didn't know that the can of paint was green and he jumped into it. When Spot came out he was all green and was so sad that he hadn't kept his other colour.

Spot went walking along the road very sadly and then Spot saw a little girl and boy and the little girl and boy saw Spot. And they said, "What a cute little dog. Let's take him home and wash him." So they took him home and washed him.

So Spot got his right colour back and they lived happily ever after.

SUSAN LAWLER—Grade 1

The Bunny Rabbit

One upon a time there was a bunny rabbit. He had no home so he built a home in a flower. Once a person came and stepped on it but then the house just bounced up again. The rabbit built some clay around it and then he put some glue around it and then he put more clay around it. Any time somebody stepped on it, it would go up again, and so the bunny lived happily ever after.

PATRICIA WADDELL—Grade 1

The Lost Dog

Once upon a time there was a little dog and the owner was a little girl. One day the dog found a squirrel and he chased him into the forest and the dog got lost and the mother and father came looking for him. They took him home and they lived happily ever after.

DEBBIE METCALF—Grade 1

The Rabbit

Once upon a time there were some rabbits — a daddy rabbit, a mummy rabbit and a baby rabbit. And one time the mother rabbit told the baby rabbit to go out and pick some nuts. So he did and the mother rabbit said "Don't go near Evergreen Acres 'cause don't forget Coco can run fast and get you." But he just didn't mind going to Evergreen Acres so he did go. Then — the rabbit got eaten up by Coco.

JOY TENNANT—Grade 1





THE KINDERGARTEN

The Flower Fairy

Once there lived a little fairy. Her name was Flower. She lived in a pretty little house. One day she went for a walk to a little lake. She looked at some pretty little gold-fish. She wanted to have a closer look at them. She was going very close to the water. Suddenly splash into the water she fell! She could not swim. "Help! Help!" she cried.

A wave just happened to carry her onto a rock. Soon a little girl was coming to pick up pretty stones. The little fairy was on a very pretty stone. The girl picked up the stone with the fairy on it. Then, she thought that she had enough stones so she went home.

When she got home she called, "Mother! Mother!" "What?" said the mother. "I found some very pretty stones." "I think I will put four of them back. I will put them near some pretty flowers."

One of them was the stone that the fairy was on. What do you think happened? The flower that she was put beside became her home and she lived happily ever after.

VALERIE SHEDDEN—Grade II

Mr. Grumpy Learns A Lesson

Once upon a time there lived an old man who was grumpy. Since he was so grumpy everybody called him Mr. Grumpy. He lived all alone in a little house.

One day Mr. Grumpy decided to have a party. He phoned some old friends to ask them to come. All the people he invited knew he was grumpy.

On the day of the party Mr. Grumpy went out to the gate. He waited and waited

but still nobody came. He went into the house to read a book and wait. Soon he heard a noise but it was only a squirrel. He went back to his chair but it was not there. His friends really had come. They were trying to make him forget to be grumpy by playing tricks. The second trick they played was one person put shutters on the window and door while another walked up and down the driveway. When Mr. Grumpy heard footsteps he ran to the window but he could not see anything because the window had shutters. He went to the door but it was the same.

They played such funny tricks that Mr. Grumpy could not help laughing. Soon he heard footsteps outside. All his friends came up the driveway looking as if they had never played the jokes. Mr. Grumpy was so happy that they had come that they all went in and had a lovely party.

KAREN RICHARDSON—Grade III

The Bull Who Lost His Temper

Once upon a time there was a bull. He was sad because people came to take his food. He could not get angry because he had lost his temper. One night he was fast asleep by seven o'clock. At eight o'clock the people came. This time they took all of his food. The next morning the bull was hungry. He looked in his secret place. He always looked in that place first. But when he looked in his cupboard he saw nothing there except his own temper. He was glad that he had found his temper. And the people thought it would be nice to give the bull his food back. So they all lived happily ever after.

LESLIE RILEY—Grade II

The Magic Toast

Once upon a time there was a giant. This giant's trouble was that it was Monday and they always had toast. You see the giant did not like the crust so while his wife was making the toast the giant thought he could get out. But the door was locked. The poor old giant had to stay in and eat his toast. Little did the giant's wife know that the piece she put in for her husband was magic. The toast ran away. Now the giant's wife was frightened and ran to her husband. The giant tried to catch the toast. But the toast got away, and they all lived happily ever after.

LAURIE CAMPBELL—Grade II

The Little Fox

Once upon a time there was a fox. She lived in a cave with her husband fox. One day, when Mr. Fox was hunting for some food for his wife, a hunter was hunting for a fox. The hunter saw the fox and the fox saw the hunter. The hunter began to shoot at the fox. The wife heard the shooting. The cave was right behind the hunter. So the lady fox jumped on top of the hunter and killed him. The foxes then lived happily ever after.

KIRBY SMITH—Grade II

The Little Polar Bear

Once upon a time there were three polar bears, a mother and a father and a baby. They lived in a cave. One day the baby got lost. He looked and looked for his home but he could not find his way home. Soon he met a penguin. The penguin said, "Where are you going, little polar bear?" "I'm trying to find my way home. May I come with you?" "Yes, you may," said the polar bear. So the bear and the penguin set off to find the little polar bear's home. Soon they met an Eskimo. The Eskimo asked them where they were going. The bear answered, "We are going to find my way home." "O I know the way to your home. If you will let me go with you I will show you the way to your home." So they let the Eskimo come along with them. And the Eskimo showed the way to the bear's home. And so every one went home. And as for the baby polar bear he went to bed. And they all lived happily ever after.

PATRICIA HOWISON—Grade II

One Day In Fairy Land

Once upon a time there lived a fairy. Her house seemed to be bigger than the other fairies' houses. She was the Queen. Her name was Lynn. One day when she was dressing there was a knock on the door. She answered it but no one was there. But there was someone there! He caught her and took her away and kept her in a cage. One day a boy fairy came and set her free. The next day they were married so they lived happily ever after.

MARCIA CAMPBELL—Grade II

He's Mr. Friendly Now

Once a little elf lived in a little town near Elfland. He was very grumpy so everyone called him Mr. Grumpy.

One day just after breakfast he went for a walk, still looking very grumpy. When he was in the middle of town he noticed that everyone was just walking past him and didn't say a word to him. He tried to ask his friends why they didn't talk to him but they just walked past. Mr. Grumpy thought he had better go home.

He got on the bus and even there no one paid any attention to him except one little girl. He asked her why no one talked to him. She told him that no one was paying attention to him because he looked so grumpy.

When he got home he sat down and thought. Finally he decided to be friendly and helpful to everyone. He went out and visited all his friends.

One day just after that he noticed that everyone was calling him Mr. Friendly. He liked that very much better.

SIGNY STEWART—Grade III

My Dream

Once upon a moonlit night
My eyes behold a dazzling sight;
A little elf all dressed in green
Was sitting by a fairy queen.
Her dress was made of dew kissed pearls
And round her shoulders lay gold curls.
When soon a voice called at my door,
I found myself upon the floor,
The dewy lawn that caught my eye
Was now my floor — both cold and dry.

JANE LAWSON—Grade IV

The Robin

Once I saw a robin
Building on her nest.
This pretty little robin.
Never did she rest.

When the nest was done,
Robin was filled with pride.
It was usch a pretty one
For laying eggs inside.

Day by day blue eggs appear.
Some weeks later chirps I hear.
Baby robins peep and eat
When mother robin brings them meat.

DIANA SALTER—Grade III

Wintertime

In the wintertime,
It is so nice,
To skate on ice.

In the wintertime,
I love to ski on a hill.
It gives me a thrill.

In the wintertime,
I love to slide,
On the icy hillside.

SHAWN COX—Grade III

Never Again

Once upon a time there was a mouse called Snooty who lived in a little house at the end of Toto Lane. He was quite a happy little mouse until on day he saw, in the "Mushroom Times," an article saying "Rabbit Hop found three hundred dollars when he went to Asia." So he arose from his chair and packed a bundle containing toothpaste, a picture of his family, some pyjamas and a new pocket handkerchief. Then, kissing his parents goodbye, he went to seek his fortune.

He hadn't gone far. There, in front of him, was a big piece of cheese! He was just

going to eat it when he heard a voice saying, "A mouse! Sarah, fetch the poker. Mary, get the cat." He didn't wait for Sarah with the poker, or for Mary either, for he suddenly saw a hungry cat behind the fence! He ran and ran and the cat was getting closer and closer! Then, WHAM! The cat had put his paw on Snooty's tail! He was trapped!

Snooty was just thinking his life was about to end when a man with a little girl beside him, came **running out of the house**. "Blacky, drop that mouse!" said the man. The little girl picked Snooty up gently and took him inside. After bathing his leg she let him go.

Snooty ran home and never left home again!

JANE DOUGAN—Grade IV

My Picture

The picture on my bedroom wall
Always looks the same,
It's of a lonely little girl,
And Susan is her name.

I wonder what she thinks about.
When I am gone all day.
She looks so sad as if she wants
To come with me to play.

BARBARA ASHDOWN—Grade III

The Woods

When the night comes o'er the woods
Nothing can you hear,
But the hooting of the owl
And the crickets far or near.

When morning comes, the air is fresh;
A new day starts again
The robin sings a sweet new song
To cheer those who complain.

Deer frolic in the forest
Squirrels chatter in the trees
Birds are flying in the air;
On blossoms dance the bees.

DOREEN STEIDLE—Grade IV



The Tree And His Wish

Once upon a time there was a tree with apples on it. The apple tree lived in the forest with two friends who made their home inside his tree. He had lots of other friends. They were also trees but they did not have apples on them.

One day the tree thought he would like to be like other trees. There was a wishing pond near by and the trees would go and wish there to a fairy. Next day he went to the pond.

When he got there he made his wish to a fairy. This is what he said:

"I wish I had no apples on my tree
So no one would come poking at me.
Would you mind dear fairy,
It would make me very merry."

A day after the tree made his wish he had no apples. His two dear friends did not like it so they went to live somewhere else. The tree was very unhappy about it. For a whole week he did not play with the other trees. The tree said to himself, "I am going to the pond to get my apple back."

When he got to the pond he said this verse:

"I wish I had some apples on my tree
So someone would come poking at me.
Would you mind dear fairy,
It would make me very merry."

The next day he had apples on his tree. His two friends heard the news and came back to live with him. Now he and his two friends lived happily ever after.

ELIZABETH McINTOSH—Grade V

Spring

Icebergs are floating down the river;
Raindrops are pattering hither and thither.
"Spring is coming; spring is coming."
Say the bees so gaily humming.

Soon little sprouts come from the earth
While Father Sun laughs with mirth;
Violets, dandelions, daffodils, roses,
Instead of Jack Frost, nip at our roses.

DOREEN STEIDLE—Grade IV

The Wonderful Window-Pane

I have a magic windowpane
With pictures that are never the same.
Sometimes I see cars going by
And sometimes oceans that meet the sky.
The moon has such a funny face,
And hardly ever in the same place.
But the prettiest sight of all,
Starts as night begins to fall.

NANCY LEMON—Grade V

The Running Shoe

Betty was wearing her best running shoes and playing outside. Her mother gave her a special warning not to take them off. The shoes were very hot and she longed to get them off. Before she knew it she had disobeyed.

"Oh dear! Mom's calling me," said Betty hurrying into the house.

"Where are your runners?"

"Oh! Just outside." When she went back to get them, one of them was not there! "Where can it be? I must look for it," Betty said. Perchance she took the way to the right. On and on she ran but didn't catch a glimpse of Shoe. But she kept hearing, "You can't catch me. Ha! Ha!" Then Shoe not looking where he was going fell into a mud-puddle. Betty hastened to pick it up but again Shoe was too fast for her. He struggled out of the puddle and once more was on the run. Weary and thirsty Betty sat down to rest. It was very late when she arrived home.

"Where have you been, dear?" asked Mother anxiously.

"I just went for a long walk," she answered as she left the room.

By now Shoe was about a block away, thinking very hard what to do next. "Oh, I'm thirsty and dirty, I might as well go home."

Early next morning while Betty was still sleeping, Shoe jumped through the open window. When Betty woke she was startled to see it still panting on the floor.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.
"Just through the window. I'm sorry I ran away."

"You should be."

"Wil you take me back and clean me up?"

"Yes, if you promise not to run away again."

"I promise," replied Shoe with a mischievous look in his eyes.

BARBARA MORRIS—Grade IV

My Sister

My sister Jane is lots of fun,
Always happy never glum
When she's in a funny mood
She blows bubbles with her food.
So many stories can be told
About my sister, eleven months old.

SIGNY STEWART—Grade III



Ballater House

FIFTH ROW—S. Gille, R. Thomas, S. Foley, J. Rattray, B. McMurray (Head of House), K. Kilgour (School Captain), S. Noonan, A. Riddell, T. Stovel, T. Nance.
 FOURTH ROW—J. Cox, D. Baron, K. Nellson, M. Wiley, C. McNair, M. Berry, E. Wiley, M. Morrison, L. Stovel, R. Condo.
 THIRD ROW—S. Petty, N. Flintoft, J. Thomas, J. Ferguson, N. M. Sutherland, E. Roeder, E. Dempster, S. McMurray, C. Templeton.
 SECOND ROW—S. Edworthy, P. Dabrus, E. Paterson, C. Schmidt, B. Cole, S. Saunders, D. Ferguson, S. Everett, S. Whenham, A. Cross, A. Lawson.
 FIRST ROW—J. Ladin, N. Lemon, L. David, S. Kandel, J. Saunders, J. Lawson, L. Edwards, C. Cole, D. dePalva, L. Vannon, R. Brault.
 ABSENT—Michelle Cook.

Dear Ballaters,

Once again as the school year comes to a close, we recall all the happy and memorable times we have had together. The Day in the Country was our first House effort and Ballater easily soared to first place in the flag selling competition. Will you ever forget trying to make those flags with broken staplers?

Volleyball was definitely the favourite sport among both Juniors and Seniors, and as a result we managed to capture the Senior competition, and place second in the Junior. For obvious reasons we will omit the subject of basketball, although we produced skinned knees for our valiant attempts. Maybe next year there will be more co-ordination and less futile fumbling! Watch out, Braemar, Craig Gowan and Glen Gairn — Ballater has high aims for Sports Day. Ping pong, badminton and baseball are still ahead of us, and I know that you will all play your hardest.

Even if Ballater has not placed first in

every competition held this year, we have certainly lived up to our School motto, "Seeking Better Things." "L'esprit de Corps" was one of the outstanding characteristics of Ballater this year.

In closing, I would like to thank you all for being so eager to give our House your time, ability, and support. Sue, thank you very much for giving me your support with the games. I shall remember you all individually, and hope that some day, when we are old and shaky, we will have a House reunion. But until then — Keep that green pin shiny, and remember:

Be the one who cheers the loudest,
 Always ready to lend a hand.
 Lead the way for future victories,
 Labour hard and make a stand.
 Act as if you want the "Shield";
 Try your best to set the pace.
 Everyone is working harder;
 Rah for Ballater; win that race!

All my love,
 Barb

Braemar House

Blue flags waving: Braemar shouts her sulkey o'er the finishing line.

But the flash of blue followed a blur of green, yellow, red.

Bad luck on the track: now wonderful spirit on the court

As we proved at volleyball we could take the lead.

And then a change from a net to a basket-yet

No change at all, for Braemar kept her place.

However, sing a blues for Braemar's conduct.

The cameras clicked on laughter, smiles;

The pens recorded poems, stories.

Our Juniors gave fantastic names

For our new mascot — Ook-Pik.

All in all, a great year!

Thank you, Nancy,

and everyone.

All my

love

Roberta.



Braemar House

FOURTH ROW—S. Cramp, C. Vivian, E. Wadham, B. Holden, J. Cumming, P. Johnston (Sports' Captain), J. Harrison, R. Kipp (Head of House), K. Lumax, M. Upham, S. Guest, J. Dowler, N. Little.

THIRD ROW—R. Friesen, D. Roulston, N. Atchison, G. Smith, E. Reid, V. Griffiths, P. Sparrow, J. Jackson, B. Matthews, J. Gilchrist, L. Pollard, D. Smith, C. Campbell.

SECOND ROW—P. Gautama, H. Davies, J. Rankin, C. Richardson, D. Dickson, E. Anderson, J. Campbell, V. Friesen, J. Harrison, C. Roulston, B. Berrea, P. Powell.

FIRST ROW—L. Murray, L. Cramp, A. Grant, H. Macdonald, P. Anderson, S. Cox, D. Salter, S. Stewart, C. McIntosh, B. Ashdown, D. Griffiths, J. Grant.

ABSENT—S. Richardson, D. Rogers, C. Powell.



Craig Gowan House

FOURTH ROW—S. Kennedy, J. Riley, C. Pennock, M. Bain, D. Malone, B. Lamont, C. Emerson, K. Alexander, D. Kilgour, P. Kayser, J. Gardner, C. Knowlton, M. Cain, L. Paterson, F. Tanner, L. Trimble, P. Williams, M. Bruce.

THIRD ROW—C. Vincent, D. Riley, B. Palk, F. Springbett, S. Barefoot, P. Richardson, J. Sheldermine, C. Gourley (Head of House), C. Armytage, J. Evans, M. Gosko, P. McGill, G. Alexander, J. Jones, S. Beaton.

SECOND ROW—M. Everett, M. Pennock, E. Kldd, S. Garbett, V. Whyte, M. Spooner, L. Kowbuz, C. Thomas, Ly. Kowbuz, J. Weiss.

FIRST ROW—K. Richardson, C. Spencer, D. Sherwood, H. Brown, N. Russell, B. Morris, H. Hay.

ABSENT—J. Chegwin, M. Kervin, P. Russell, J. Dougan, C. Hay.

Craig Gowan House Report

"Craig what?" is the incredulous demand. "Craig Gowan," I patiently repeat to an "outsider" and explain that the curious yellow pin I wear on my blazer signifies that I am Head of Craig Gowan house. It is an honour which allows me to become acquainted with every member individually.

A house is a family with each member supporting the other with as much faith and enthusiasm as possible. Yet, for me Craig Gowan means much more. It symbolizes the rich gold colour, our two mascots, the scurry of games, and the small Grade Three's who defiantly argue with their friends that Craig Gowan is the best. From here on they will remain steadfast to the house throughout their school years.

This year Craig Gowan can be proud of its good uniform and its high academic standing at Christmas, but we had our share of problems. Not all houses can be winners, and every girl is unique in her amount of ability. I feel Craig Gowan has a great deal of potential ability which I hope will be de-

veloped in the next few years to draw Craig Gowan up to the top in games once more.

I would like to commend particularly the juniors. You have a fresh and enthusiastic spirit which is revealed in your work and co-operation.

Of course, it is impossible to thank every girl individually for her support and interest. I would like to do so, but I have not the space. However, some girls warrant special attention for their selfless enthusiasm — for example some of Grade Seven with their flood of photographs. Also, we all owe an inestimable amount to Kay Alexander and Pam Kayser.

I have no idea which one of you will become House Head next year, but I wish to say that she will have a wonderful group of girls. To all of you, remember that you get out of something what you put into it. Support Craig Gowan with all your strength. Thank you once again for the privilege of being your House Head.

Love,

Cathie

Glen Gairn House

Dear Glen Gairns,

Our year contains so many memories, I could not even attempt to put them in a letter. Perhaps these phrases will recall part of our wonderful year to you.

Do you remember:

— the Day in the Country when we won our monkey mascot, and the fun we had in making and selling our Glen Gairn flags.

— the words of wisdom of our "venerable" monkey, "Closed lips keep conduct book closed."

— Initiation with those crazy skits, and the songs we sang at the end of the evening.

— my repeated requests for pictures for the Photography contest, which resulted in so many entries that I'm sure we'll see many pictures taken by Glen Gairns in Year Book '65.

— frantic preparations before uniform checks. Here I would like to add that if I could give each of you something at the end of this year, it would be a pair of clean white socks.

— my persuasive way of urging you to attend games (remember that, Grade VIII?)

— the enthusiasm of our House teams. We placed third in volleyball, but we tied for first in basketball. I would like to thank the teams particularly for your wonderful support.

— my look of panic when one of you approached me with a guilty countenance and the phrase forming on your lips, "I'm in the conduct book." However, Glen Gairns, I was very proud of your conduct this year. Keep it up!

— Juniors, do you remember our outside House meetings? I'm afraid they didn't last very long in twenty below zero weather.

These are just a few of the things I would like you to remember from our year. I know I'll always remember 'Glen Gairn.'

Love, ARSHA

BACK ROW—M. Thompson, M. Williams, M. Dangerfield (Head of House), S. Hutchings (Head Girl), J. Gattey, M. Wiens.

FIFTH ROW: K. Lederman, P. Smerchanski, V. Swan, J. McKinnon, L. Morris, M. Francis, C. Wiebe, M. Pickard, H. Strawbridge, G. Matthews.

FOURTH ROW—R. Smerchanski, J. Wildgoose, N. McQuade, S. Ruttan, L. Bullock, S. Majury.

THIRD ROW—A. Thorarinson, M. Anderson, D. Silvester, S. Spohn, C. Hunt, A. Hunt, M. Dickson, L. Arnett, D. Majury.

SECOND ROW—P. Dangerfield, M. Shedden, M. Kendall, L. Gattey, L. Nebbs, T. Wheeler, A. Dobbie, G. McQuade, A. Wood, M. Wiswell, B. Campbell, E. Haworth, A. Gardner, J. Briggs.

FIRST ROW—H. Carter, D. McKeag, D. Spears, J. Chegwin, H. Carter, M. Kerr, M. Guy, D. Steidie, K. McKeag.

ABSENT—J. Mainwaring, J. McKeag.





The Senior Common Room

The Senior Common Room is now reserved for the Seniors. This large, friendly room, with piano and HiFi, is a welcome retreat for the older girls during recreation, and at noon hours before classes. It is a very comfortable place for the girls to sit in groups, with friends, to discuss records, or perhaps the latest fads and fashions. We do like our new furniture.

Now that Form I to III have their own common room, the Senior Common Room has attained a different atmosphere. The Seniors share similar interests, and this room is frequently filled with girls who are enjoying themselves. The record player is often on when any number of girls are present. If not, there is usually a twanging guitar.

There is little, if any, privacy in this room, but we enjoy having it for our leisure moments.

MARILYN WILLIAMS—Form V

The Junior Common Room

This year marked the first time the Junior High School has had a Common Room of its own. It is a pleasant part of the school with bright curtains and colourful posters to make it inviting. A bulletin board was soon put up to hold interesting or funny news, and further fun was added when we were given

a piano. A noisy, but we think a necessary, addition two months after we had received our Common Room — a record player. Since then there has certainly never been any lack of records or noise. For comfort we were given several armchairs, thus completing our room. It has become an ideal place for chatting and dancing for all the students of the Junior High School.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL—Form III

Initiation Party

The 1964 Initiation Party was held on October 30. It began with the Grand March of new girls in an assortment of weird costumes. After assembling, the girls sang "Getting To Know You," the theme song of the evening.

The programme began with "Dancers of the World" by Form III, a fashion show and library review by Form I. The costumes were excellent and the numbers well produced. Forms IV and V performed several skits, and between these several games were played. The House Heads were cheered loudly for their impersonation of the Beatles.

The evening ended with the Prefects' version of "Midsummer Night's Dream" which was excellent. Hotdogs and doughnuts helped to make the Initiation Party a most enjoyable one.

CATHERINE VIVIAN

CLASS NOTES

Former Fives

On a dark, rainy night, Carion Thompson and Vagabond Vivian, two newcomers to the area, arrived at the entrance of Balmoral Hall, once a school for girls, but now haunted by the ghosts of a Form Five class of long ago.

Entering the school they could hear the ghosts of Judy Howler and Cruel Kathy in the gym where they had killed one another playing basketball. There too was the spirit of Gwen McGrave who had died from surprise when the whole class came to benches.

In the cold lunch room they found Pitiful Pam, who had wasted away to nothing there. Cobweb Condo, transistor clutched tightly in hand. The shivering of Teddie Trance and Bloody Riddell issued from Division Room Two where they had frozen to death, and in Division Room One, the eerie laughter of Nancy Hatchetson, Murderous Margie, and Werewolf Wiley could be heard.

In Form Five, the wayfarers were greeted by a bevy of spirits — Sally Spook who had been scared to death in class, Scary Bruce who had died laughing, Diana Killgore paralyzed by the evil eye, and Teddi Wailer who haunts the smallest desk. Then too there were Terrible Trish who had died of shock when her average receded to 90%, Dreadful Donna who had died of starvation when she could not remove her fingers from her hair, suicide Sue who had died as Frankes Teinner pulled out split ends too violently, and Susan Creep cruelly slain by her friends when she cut her hair.

A moan from the library — only Nasty Nancy who passed away there during an early morning cramming session.

In the lab, Alixe Haunt, Lynn Tremble, and Bony Stovel could be seen dissecting bats and spiders, while the travellers were greeted in the Common Room by Midge Ghostko who was killed by the frustrations of laryngitis, and Deanna Kill-fester who had slain Fester, a rival to Chad Allen. Here the two new-comers were convinced to stay and soon they too were full-fledged Former Fives.

Form IV's News Bulletin

Did you know that —

Deirdre is bandless —
 Kathy Alexander' giggle might invade Kelvin —
 Ruth was on time one morning.
 Linda Pollard is 'hanging ten' —
 Vicki rides a Cricket —
 Jane Thomas wore her uniform to bed —
 Julie sings at the bus stop —
 Denise is a French connoisseur —
 Leslie Morris was born at Cairo —
 Cathy Pennock eats grass —
 Pat had a flat tire —
 Linda Bullock is a half-boarder —
 Marion is Form IV's quarter-master —
 Cathy McNair is a Junior School Monday visitor
 Jane Gilchrist has naturally curly hair —
 Elspeth's pen is unmanageable —
 Susan left her heart in San Francisco —
 Jean skates Madame Butterfly —
 Carol Emerson is going to visit the kangaroos —
 Mary Cain is the victim of the quarter-master!
 Marilyn had a permanent she regretted —
 Judith is the gain of the 'City of Roses' —
 Garrity is writing a book —
 Elaine has an oriental pen pal —
 Leslie Stovel broke her new glasses —
 Joan eats chalk —
 Ellen's brains keep her feet going —
 Cathy Knowlton is a perpetual letter writer —
 Carol Wiebe gets better and better at the organ —
 Nancy's hairdresser only knows for sure —
 Beth turned Indian over the Easter vacation.

The Ambitious Nines

Here are their hopes: —

Shirley — to go home for the May weekend.
 Carol — to find socks that stay up.
 Sherry Beaton — to grow another inch.
 Cathy Campbell — to take over where Einstein left off.
 Jennifer — to come into boarding.
 Debbie — to learn how to curl her hair.
 Jane Ferguson — to get a fifty average.
 Vicky — to have weekends every two days.
 Nancy — to take Wilma's place.
 Joan — to become a cowboy.
 Cathy Hunt — to have short hair.
 Jane Jackson — to get back her Florida tan.
 Janet — to have blonde hair.
 Margaret — to be an Eskimo.
 Sydney — to dye her hair green.
 Jean — to take over Cupid' job.
 Jane Mainwaring — To become Beatle No. 5.
 Shanly — to be a P.T. teacher.
 Meredith — to be the World Champion Figure Skater.
 Sherry Petty — to join the Navy.
 Patty Powell — to be on time for school.
 Rhonda — to own a Honda.
 Dawn — to go on a diet at B.H.
 Patty Sparrow — never to change her hair style.
 Vivian — to invent a detergent with more power.
 Elaine Wiley — to drive her mother's Thunderbird.
 Trish Herbert — to be a Taxi driver.
 Betsy Matthews — to join the "Rolling Stones."

The Prizes Go To Form II

GIL is the name, and friendship the fame
Which always wins her an Oscar.

LIZ is the one, with a joke and a pun
At all times which win an award.

LIN ARNETT' is by far the best on guitar;
Her talent has won her an Oscar.

BONNIE feels beter when writing a letter —
She wins the pen-pal award.

JANE'S in a tizzy, 'cause her hair is so frizzy,
But Brigg's curls have won an Oscar.

PAM, crippled or lame, attends every game,
Her House Spirit won an award.

SUSAN'S voice may be loud, but of her swimming
we're proud;
These both deserve an Oscar.

JANE, five feet six high, brilliant but shy —
Evans' qualities win an award.

DEBBIE'S hair so neat, is hard to beat
For grooming she wins an Oscar.

ANNE G's free from care, save exams and her
hair;
An Oscar for worry she won.

After educational courses, LYNN longs for her
horses,
But her patience won an award.

JENNIFER'S blue without lots to do.
Her Oscar was won for activity.

ANNE Lawson is fine to keep us in line
She wins The President award.

Things left here and there, but willing to share,
DIANA is first in generosity.

With flash, films and fixtures, JANIS takes
pictures
A photographer's Oscar to Janis.

The next is BARB Palk, who just loves to talk
A conversation Oscar for Barb.

Eight-fifteen BARB'S at chool, for the day's sched-
ule
An Oscar for punctuality.

The needle's not slow, when JOAN starts to sew
A Home Ec. Oscar for Joan.

Plays in her spare time; CAROLYN'S up to Grade
Nine.
An Oscar for piano he won.

PAM likes to write plays, on any free days —
For slalom she'll win an award.

Although she's not paid, for her hit parade
CLAIRE win the warbler's Oscar.

SUSAN will run to be in the fun
For Saunders, the carefree, an Oscar.

Through every trial, NINA-MAE'S sunny smile
Will always win her an Oscar.

From Latin to Math, AINSLEY reads in the bath.
An Oscar for her diligence.

CONNIE finds lots to do, the whole day through;
She wins the "busy bee" Oscar.

Next year far away, in England to stay
For ANNE Walton — the traveller's Oscar.

We shouted, "Hurray, HELEN'S here to stay."
She wins the 'Welcome Back' Oscar.

So, for talents and fun, we're second to none. —
Form Two wins the "Best Class" Oscar.

Ones In The Wild Wiesst

A brave young rider named Powell Jones
'Ed a worthy horse, and one day he Roed'er
down a long Kervin' road which went for
Ever ett Ever. Ett finally Crossed a small
Straw bridge to an inn. There he called
Harri's son who Brault him some Campbell's
soup. He went on his Murray way until he
saw the Pennockle of St. Matthew's Temple.
His ton gallon hat nearly fell off his head
when he saw the sheriff who Led er man to
the jail. "Now'S mer chanski for promotion,"
chuckled the sheriff. "I Gaut am at it this
time!"

Residence Notes

Nancy — "As merry as the day is long."

Mary — "There is something in the wind."

Elsbeth — "What mine is yours, and what
is mine."

Carol — "Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers."

Marian F. — "I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice."

Beth — "Her hair shall be of what colour
it please God."

Cathy K. — "Methinks, the lady doth protest
too much."

Deirdre — "She was won't to speak plain
and to the purpose."

Teddi — "Neither rhyme nor reason."

Linda — "I shall laugh myself to death."

Marion T. — "I'll tell the world."

Jane — "Neither a borrower nor a lender
be."

Cathy V. — "Assume a virtue, if you have it
not."

Ellen R. — "Not stepping o'er the bounds
of modesty."

Elaine — "To unpathed water, undreamed
shoes."

Garrity — "Old fashions please me best."



GLIMPSES IN THE RESIDENCE

Surprise In The Residence

Even after being a boarder for quite a few years, I still look forward to returning to school in September and finding changes in the Residence. This year the entrance hall in Dalton House was a real surprise. What an improvement!

It seems to me that this is the first time that a big surprise has come in the MIDDLE of a year. Early in April workmen arrived to lay new carpet on the four corridors of Dalton House. Hard tiles in the morning were changed to carpets in the evening. They help to stop our noisy sounds echoing through the building. Although most of us did not hear the noise, we do like the soft carpets to walk on and Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Elliot can now enjoy a little more peace and quiet.

Another improvement to our Residence is the television aerial. The problem of twenty people at the same time moving and adjusting the rabbit ears has been overcome and now the television not only lets us enjoy a clear picture, but also a new channel.

Two years ago a kitchen was established for the boarders, and Form III girls are in charge of the equipment. This has been used regularly on weekends throughout the winter. Cocoa and toast after skating was very popular but occasionally cakes were baked, complete dinners cooked, and once even a steak. All the boarders appreciate the efficiency of the Form III organizers of this kitchen.

ELSPETH DEMPSTER

Manitoba Home Baking Champion

Dalton House and Balmoral Hall offer special congratulations to Carol Emerson who became the Manitoba Home-Baking Champion on Friday, April 23. The Contest was open to all girls from thirteen to eighteen, and was sponsored by Five Roses Flour. Carol's prize-winning recipe, for Tropic Tarts, was her own invention. Her prizes consisted of a silver tray, a \$100.00 Canada Savings Bond, and a beautiful piece of luggage. Carol has been a boarder at Balmoral since Grade V, and we wish her luck when she takes her new luggage to Toronto for The National Home-Baking Contest in May.

Boarders' Snack Kitchen

Come one; come all! The kitchen crew are making hot chocolate and toast after Evening Study!

Early in October, Miss Murrell-Wright gave the Form III boarders, the privilege of using the kitchen near the junior common room. Action took place at once — cupboards were washed, shelves re-papered, and canisters filled.

Then, one evening soon afterwards — ready, set, go! Milk was heating, toast was popping, and Form One and Two were lined up at the wicket.

Being good housekeepers, we washed our dishes and left everything as neat as a pin. Since that first evening we have repeated this pleasant episode about once a week, and we are finding our snack kitchen a most welcome and home-like addition to our life in Residence.

JOAN GATTEY and DAWN SMITH

The Nightingale Of Florence

Antonio was a little Italian boy who lived in the poorest district of Florence. His home was a small room above a junk shop. In the centre of this room was a large crate upon which was placed their only candle. In one corner was a pile of straw, which at night was divided into three very uneven piles, the smallest of which was given to Antonio for his bed. Dust lay thick on the floor and there were cobwebs on the walls. The grime of years covered the floor, walls, and ceiling. The place smelt of rotting wood and spilt food grease.

Antonio, the sole child inhabitant of this hovel was a small, sensitive, ten-year-old boy. He had black, thick, shiny hair which was always dirty and untidy. From far back in his head lively eyes sparkled which seemed to light up his whole face. His white teeth shone in bright contrast to his dark complexion. Antonio was a quiet, lonely child with a vivid imagination. He thoroughly disliked the rough slum boys, who were always playing nasty tricks and getting into trouble. But Antonio did have one friend; a make-believe friend, Benditto. Antonio loved this image of his fantasy as a brother. He talked to Benditto as if this little brother were alive and really with him. When Benditto was sad, Antonio would sing to him with his soft gentle voice and make him happy again. All day Antonio walked along the dirty streets talking and playing with Benditto.

One cold autumn afternoon Antonio wandered down the dirty streets. He was happy and overflowing with eagerness to tell his good news to Benditto. He gaily chattered about how his father, who had no regular work, had finally obtained the temporary job of laying cobblestones on one of the new roads. Antonio was so busy talking that he did not realize that he had gone farther than usual and was now in the better part of Florence. He suddenly looked up, surprised to see the ladies' dresses in beautiful, gowns and carrying elegant parasols. He continued; silent now, amazed by the splendour of this "fairy-land."

He walked along peering into one or two store windows. Before, he had never felt conscious of his untidy appearance, his torn trousers, his patched shirt, or his messy hair. He had been the same as all the other boys he knew. But now as he saw the people walk by in fine clothes he looked down at his rags, full of shame and self-pity.

As Antonio walked on, he heard the sound of gay music issuing from one of the shops. With a, "Come, Benditto, come," he ran down the road. He stopped outside a small music shop where he had heard the gay tune. He peered through the glass, enchanted by the deep voice singing and nearly drowning the music in the background. He forgot his shame and cold; he even forgot his little friend Benditto as he strained his ears to hear every note and word. One of the store's assistants looked out of the window and saw him.

He opened the door and shouted, "Hey! Away with you! You'll get no hand-outs here!"

Antonio was brought abruptly back to reality and realized he was cold and hungry. Holding out his hand for Benditto, slowly and silently he trudged down the street. After many wrong turns he finally arrived home. He climbed the steep steps and pushed open the door. A piece of dry bread was dropped into his outstretched hand and he was thrust into a corner.

The store attracted Antonio like a magnet. Every day for a week he carefully made his way to the shop and stood all day listening to operas, folk songs, and lullabies. He became a familiar figure always peering into the window, seemingly dead to all the world.

The owner, Signor Gabrelli, grew interested in the boy who spent even the coldest days outside his shop. He felt sorry for the little boy and finally invited him in to warm himself. As Signor Gabrelli watched Antonio sitting in the corner shivering in his rags the kind old gentleman's heart was touched. As time went by, he let the boy have his meals and spend the day in the shop, where he was better able to hear the music.

Antonio came every day and sat in a corner listening intently to the music which filled the room. He found it very easy to memorize the tunes. Very often he would sing or hum along with a familiar record. Signor Gabrelli would sometimes stop and listen to the simple childish voice. As he listened, he was impressed by the fact that Antonio had a strong, clear voice and perfect pitch. Signor Gabrelli had lost his only son two years before. As Signor Gabrelli looked at Antonio he was reminded of the quiet, musical son whom he had lost. Signor Gabrelli had eagerly looked forward to the happy days working together in the shop,

the evenings by the fire talking and singing, and watching his son grow into manhood. Now, he felt that God had given him a second chance to give a little boy love and a good home by sending him this little boy. He realized that all Antonio needed was a good teacher and he would sing well. And so, Signor Gabrelli set about feeding, clothing, arranging music lessons for, and loving this little waif. Antonio was overwhelmed by this generosity and little by little became a useful helper in the shop.

For six years Antonio spent his days like this. The singing master was amazed at the child's progress and recommended him for small parts in small operas. Gradually these parts grew, until he played star roles in grand opera productions. Antonio was happy. He was in the profession he loved. But he did not forget his friends, when he became wealthy. He bought Signor Gabrelli a larger music shop. He bought a little cottage in the country for his parents. Antonio lived by himself in the fashionable part of the city. He bought a dog for company whom he named after his former imaginary friend, Benditto. At night, if he was lonely he would take Benditto on his knee and stroking the puppy, would talk to it, as he would to a friend.

DIANA MAJURY—Form II

Life At Norway House

Four years ago our family moved to the small community of Rossville, Norway House, about three hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg. We had been transferred there by the government and were to reside permanently. Although the first thoughts were not pleasant, after we got there, we knew we would enjoy our stay.

Our first home was in the residential school annex as the house that we were to live in had not yet been built. The nearest and only store was approximately a quarter of a mile away. The dry goods consisted of pretty coloured jack shirts, parkas, and trousers and slacks. The grocery part of the store had the essentials of lard, flour, sugar, potatoes, and a small variety of canned goods. The houses of the white people were lit and heated by their own generators. Now these houses have hydro electric power.

The transportation is very limited since there are no roads. We live right by Little Playgreen Lake and so the best transportation is by boat. In the winter after the lake

has frozen, bombardiers, ski-dos, and autobogans are the best modes of transportation, dog sleds are also common and, of course we walk. Both in summer and in winter small planes called "Norsemen" are able to land. These planes carry six to seven passengers and bring us our mail. In the summer a boat, the M. S. Kenora, brings supplies part of the way to Norway House, and a smaller craft, the "Chickama" brings them the rest of the way.

The neighbours of the nine white families living at Rossville are the hundreds of Indian families. They live in shanties that seem ready to fall over at any moment. There is no electricity in these dwellings, but there are coal oil lamps. They also have wood stoves with which to keep them warm besides a small pot-bellied stove. Although these conditions sound very primitive, our Indian houses are just as warm when someone steps into them as the modern house of the white people.

After living at Norway House, I am sure that if it were possible it would be a good experience for everyone to have the opportunity and see how some of the natives of Canada live.

MARGARET KENDALL—Form III

How To Wash A Dog

If you are unfortunate enough to be the owner of a water-hating Samoyed, pay heed to my advice on how to wash him. First of all, be sure to have a spacious room in which the dog can run around, a fairly large tub, and a plentiful supply of towels. Any kind of soap or shampoo can be used. Before the dog is in the tub, be sure to have on a full length raincoat.

Getting the dog into the tub is the first problem, for you have to be able to outwit him. Coax him softly over to the tub and if he begins to retreat, grasp him and heave him into it. Once he is in the tub, be sure to keep at a safe distance to avoid unexpected scratches or cuts. When he has quieted down a little, walk quickly over to him and talk with a soothing voice. When you have gained his confidence, you are ready to start scrubbing. Scrub him quickly so that he can be out of the water as soon as possible. Then give him a good rub down to keep him from catching cold.

The next time your dog is due for a bath, I think you will be sure that you are well occupied with homework.

DEBORAH FERGUSON—Form II

Without Words

The happy sound of children's voices reached young Hans Schmidt's ears. He was sitting on the doorstep of their small, newly-bought house. It was sorely in need of fresh paint and the pane in one of the windows had long ago been smashed and never repaired. He watched the German boys and girls at play, longing to be with them. It did not enter his head to join them, and so he sat patiently, day after day, waiting for them to ask him to join them.

It was not as if the other children had not noticed him. They had observed the arrival of this new Swiss family to their village, with great interest. Soon whispered messages had been passed from child to child in school and out. Mr. Schmidt, as the story went, had no job and drank all the time. Mrs. Schmidt was beaten by him every night and both parents treated their children cruelly. The three little girls were always crying, and worst of all, they solemnly whispered, "The boy can't speak!" Of course, with these stories going from person to person, nobody spoke to any of Hans' family.

Only the other day Hans had heard this same story being told by two little girls, right under his window. Afterwards he thought, "If only the people in Rotenburg realized what a close-knit family we really are!"

At first, Mr. Schmidt really had not had a job, and then with the hostility of the townsfolk, he was having difficulty in trying to keep his part-time job. But, he never drank, and nobody could love his wife more. Mrs. Schmidt, a small, vivacious, pretty woman was a faithful and kind wife and mother. As for his three sisters, Lisa, Hilde and Emma, they made up the complete family. Lisa, who had just turned nine, now helped their mother with the housework. Tears were seldom seen in this household, and only happy chatter could be heard throughout the day. But, the last part of the story was only too true — Hans Schmidt could not say a word! He tried very hard, but no sounds came. At night, on his rug beside the glowing fire, Hans had practised talking, but to no avail. Many quiet tears had been shed unnoticed by the rest of his family. In Switzerland, Hans had made friends — boys who understood him and liked him. Together they had gone on long hunting trips. Many enjoyable afternoons

had been spent standing on rocks in the midst of a rushing river, casting for fish. Sometimes in summer, they had gone camping and slept under the star-lit sky. Those had been wonderful times! So far, Hans had not yet met anyone in his new town to share with him those simple pleasures.

One day, Mrs. Schmidt sent Hans to the corner store. As soon as Hans left his house, he realized that he was not going to be able to get to the store easily. Just outside it were eight boys — all older than he. The tallest one, a strong black-haired boy, named Kurt Diltner came forward to meet him.

"Oh look," he sneered, "it's our little dumb friend. Come on, fellows, let's beat the little guy up. Wait; maybe not now," he added, as he saw the owner, Mr. Rahn, come to the shop window and look out. The boys hurried away, and Hans entered the shop, gave Mr. Rahn the money for some small items and quickly went home.

From then on, Hans did not venture very far from his house. Finally, his father, seeing how miserable the boy was, tried to help. "You know, Hans," he said one morning, "you haven't done any hunting lately. I hear that the forest outside Rotenburg has excellent game in it. Why don't you take your gun and see what you can do?"

Hans slowly agreed, thinking of the older boys, but finally decided that they would not be in the forest. The next day, Mrs. Schmidt packed him a lunch, and Hans set off.

At first he was very wary, and kept glancing around, but soon the beauties of nature captured his thoughts. The rustle of the long grass under his feet, the bright July sun, the hundreds of small, flowers, and the hum of insects were all like lost memories being brought back to the child. It had been almost a year since Hans had spent a glorious day like this. He remembered Switzerland, his beautiful native country, and how many times he had wandered for miles just drinking in nature's beauty. His mind came back suddenly to the present as he saw a rabbit running in front of him. Quickly his thoughts turned to hunting.

Later on that afternoon, Hans wandered back through the forest, all his troubles forgotten. Suddenly he wanted to sing — to sing loudly and clearly, to let the world know that he was glad to be alive. As he turned a corner in the path, Hans was never so glad that he could not talk, for a few yards ahead, asleep below a small rock ledge

was Kurt Dittner! His gun and several small animals lay beside him.

Hans quickly turned to go, but a movement on the cliff above Kurt made him glance around again. To his horror he saw a big black bear and her cub walking by. The cub began to play with some of the larger loose stones. Hans saw one of these being pushed closer to the edge. Any minute now, it would fall and probably land on the unsuspecting Kurt. Hans had to warn the other boy. The distance was too great to run and awake him. What should he do? Suddenly he remembered the gun in his hand. Pointing it up to the sky, he fired twice.

Kurt woke up with a start, and seeing the bears above him, quickly moved out of the way, as a large stone rolled off the top. He stood speechless for a moment looking at Hans. With a sudden pang of guilt he remembered how he had treated this Swiss boy. Without words he walked up to Hans. "I don't know what to say," he said slowly. Then as Hans looked away with embarrassment, he added, "Those are some large rabbits you've got. I know a place on the other side of Rotenburg — it's really good for hunting. Will you go there with me one day?" Slowly the boys started off. At last Hans had found a friend.

CAROLYN RICHARDSON—Form II

The Magic Rocking Chair

One sunny morning Mr. Swift came out from his broken down shack into the midst of nowhere. He said to Mrs. Swift, "Oh why are we so poor?"

The next instant Greg was running out of a tattered down door asking, "May I go to town and get a piece of furniture?"

"Yes, but I don't think you will get anything from the little money we got from the chickens," replied Mrs. Swift. After a while Gregg arrived in town and wandered in and out of every store.

"There has to be something here," Gregg sighed. When Gregg opened the door, a little bell rang. In an instant the clerk came out from the back saying, "Hello son, what may I do for you?"

"I would like to buy a chair, but have only two dollars."

"Oh" remarked the clerk, "I have the very thing for you."

It was a brown rocking chair which had on the back a pattern of a flock of doves. When Gregg returned home, Mr. and Mrs.

Swift were waiting at the door anxiously. When they saw the chair they were surprised for they never guessed they could buy such a beautiful chair for such little money.

The Mrs. Swift sat down in the rocking chair. She rocked back and forth, and on the sixth rock a genie appeared. The Genie explained, "I am Negie, the Genie, and I shall be at your service. Make three wishes and I shall grant them for to you."

"Oh Negie," cried the Swifts, "is this true?" "First let's wish for some new clothes." Next thing they knew they all had beautiful clothes.

"Second we shall wish for some food," said Mrs. Swift. Right before their eyes was a large turkey, with dressing, cranberry sauce and baked potatoes.

"Now for our third wish," Mr. and Mrs. Swift remarked together. We wish everyone to be as happy as we are."

"For making such an unselfish wish," said Negie, "you shall be rewarded. I will stay here and grant you any wish you desire."

PATRICIA DABRUS—Grade V

Mrs. Woodpecker's Wig

This all happened when Mrs. Woodpecker wished and wished for a wig. "Oh, I wish I had a wig, I do wish for one, I really do. If grandmother has one, why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Woodpecker looked for a wig from one beauty shop to another, searching every hollow tree of the forest. She could not find a wig. Her broken heart made her very very sad. She kept repeating and repeating, "If grandmother has a wig, why shouldn't I?"

At last she was home; she rocked in her comfortable rocking chair trying to calm herself. She still thought and thought, "How can I get a wig?" At that moment a wonderful idea came to her. "I will make one of grass and horsehair and use mud to make it stick." Right away she went to work.

About half an hour later it was finished. Would you believe? It was a perfect fit! Mrs. Woodpecker was so pleased! "Wait till Mr. Woodpecker sees me," she said as she admired herself in the mirror.

At six o'clock Mr. Woodpecker came in. "Hello Granny," he greeted her.

"I am not Granny," Mrs. Woodpecker said laughing, "I am your wife and I am very happy to have a wig."

"Then I guess I am happy also."

ALLISON WOOD — Grade IV.



N. Little, P. Kayser, S. Gille, P. Johnston, A. Hunt.

Sports Shots

With poor weather in September and the postponement of Sports Day to the spring we got off to a slow start. But thanks to Miss Brough's enthusiasm and helpful direction we have had a wonderful year in developing better skills in the games she has directed.

VOLLEYBALL — Everyone in the Senior School was wonderfully enthusiastic about volleyball this year, and arrived at practices en masse. All were very keen to learn the fine points of the game, and I am sure will agree that the house matches were of a high calibre. Braemar captured the Junior championship, and Ballater the Senior. In total points it was found that Braemar had won the Volleyball Trophy. Congratulations, Braemar — and Ballater.

BASKETBALL — The turnout was not as encouraging as the turnout to volleyball, but the enthusiasm of everyone at practices made up for the lack of numbers, and those who were there during January and February learned a great deal. In February the School Team was chosen and House Matches began. The Junior matches showed some inexperience, but the Senior matches began to take on a more professional appearance. Glen Gairn won the Junior Section, while Braemar won all their Senior games. Congratulations to both Houses.

BADMINTON — Something new this year was a series of badminton lessons on Tuesday nights for boarders and any interested day girls. They have been very valuable, and everyone who attended enjoyed them. Many thanks to Nancy Mitchell from the University who came in to conduct these classes. Our badminton tournament was also a success this year, with the introduction of house teams to limit the entry.

PING PONG — Ping pong is still a keen contest for the expert. All those who participated displayed both skill and dexterity and the matches were accompanied by a great deal of hilarity.

SPORTS DAY: A spring sports day presents far more problems than a fall one, and at this moment my able team of Games Captains and House Heads are striving to plan a successful programme of inside and outside events. While the grounds dry up, we are starting indoor practice and if the weather is kind to us, we can look forward to an exciting Sports Day at the end of May.

As I close I would like to express my thanks to the Games Captains, Sue Gille, Nancy Little, Pam Kayser, and Alixe Hunt, to the House Heads, and particularly to Miss Brough for all the help you have given me this year. May everyone who has supported her House at games carry on so that your team is the best team and you have the best House and our School the best School.

PATRICIA JOHNSTON
Sports Captain



SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Standing — P. Kayser, K. Alexander, N. Little, M. Dangerfield, M. Thompson.
 Kneeling — B. McMurray, R. Kipp, C. Gourley, P. Johnston, S. Foley, E. Gosko, K. Neilson.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing — K. Alexander, N. Little, J. Dowler, P. Kayser.
 Kneeling — R. Kipp, D. Silvester, D. Kilgour, P. Johnston, S. Gille, K. Neilson.

Graduates

KATHERINE ALEXANDER — CRAIG GOWAN

Why did Kay receive a toy car and a bus ticket? Only her best friends know. As well as being an efficient prefect she has been a stalwart supporter of Craig Gowan, playing on both volleyball and basketball teams. She is a keen sports-woman, a member of the choir and has helped in the library. That winning smile will certainly take you places, Kay.

MARLENE BAIN — CRAIG GOWAN

"Fairer than the evening star" and always dignified — that is our Marlene. Whenever called on she lends her quiet assistance and has been a loyal member of Craig Gowan. Marlene has plans for Manitoba Teachers' College — Good teaching, Marlene.

MARGARET BERRY — BALLATER

Marg is one of our prefects but her chief claim to fame is for her work as Senior librarian. Although often lost in books she has not lost her glasses as often this year. She gives strong support to the alto section of our choir and plans to take her voice and lots of other good things to Queen's next fall.

MARSHA DANGERFIELD — GLEN GAIRN

Tall, dark — Marsh has a laugh for almost everything, and everyone loves laughing with Marsh. Besides being a wonderful head of Glen Gairn, a prefect and a choir member she supported the school volleyball team despite the loss of her contact in one game. Next year Marsh plans to take her jungle talk and jeans to the U. of M. Adieu Thisbe!

MARY DICKSON — GLEN GAIRN

Mary is the one who still giggles and knows well the meaning of "Some things are better left unsaid." As the Head of the Junior Library "Dix" has done a good job this year and her strong soprano has been an asset in the choir. Next fall will find Mary at the Medical Rehabilitation Centre.

SUSAN FOLEY — BALLATER

Sue, the class red head, is one of our star athletes when her knee is in working order. Her poetic ability gained prominent recognition this year and her camera is always catching amusing incidents of school life. Her little black book was more than useful for "dateless" boarders. Next fall will find Susan majoring in History at the U. of M.



CATHERINE GOURLEY — CRAIG GOWAN

Cathie is her father's answer to Joan Baez. She has had a busy year as head of Craig Gowan House and as a prefect. In between some intensive work she has taken trips to Antigua and Banff bringing back the best coat of tan in the Sixth Form. If our air traveller can settle down, next year will find her in Arts at the U. of M.

SUSAN GUEST — BRAEMAR

Sue, our head of Choir handles choir lines as skillfully as she has created fantastic novelties from posters and scotch tape. This explains her chosen career in Interior Design next fall, although she finds "farming" fascinating!

JANET HARRISON — BRAEMAR

The Honorary Sports Captain is an enthusiastic attender at games. As Magazine Editor, she is usually rushing to arrange meetings or collect articles, but takes time out for heated discussions in English class. Jan, a Prefect and a vibrant soprano, also owns a Harrison special, double-strength punch recipe requiring one hundred and fifty pounds of ice. This should be useful at St. John's College next year.

SUSAN HUTCHINGS — GLEN GAIRN

"For courage mounteth with occasion" and so Sue our Head Girl and prefect took over for a busy year in office. When not occupied with School responsibilities she supported Glen Gairn House, found time for choir and also some work in the library. She plans to take Arts at University College in the fall but may be "tRICKed" into attending St. John's.

PAMELLA KAYSER — CRAIG GOWAN

Pammie is the Sixth Form "model" if her fan mail can be believed. She is Craig Gowan's Games Captain and a keen player herself in both basketball and volleyball. As a prefect, senior librarian and choir member she has had a versatile preparation for next year at United College where she has plans for more work in science.

KATHARINE KILGOUR — BALLATER

Kath, a prefect and our School Captain has been fully occupied in all school affairs. Despite the fact that she is the Sixth Form mathematician and physics expert, she miscalculated with that sun-lamp but certainly looks fit. Next September Kathy takes her green ink to U. of M. for Commerce. See you Kath!





ROBERTA KIPP — BRAEMAR

Blondes do have more fun, eh Roberta? The fun-loving Head of Braemar has kept her House at the top all year and done very well herself. Despite a full School schedule including prefects' meetings and choir practices she has made time for singing lessons and some jazz-dancing. Arts for Roberta in the fall at U. of M.

BONNIE LAMONT — CRAIG GOWAN

Bonnie is the blondest and sanest of the Sixth Form boarders in Aikins House. She will have no trouble passing in eating, reading and television all of which should help her when she takes up Home Economics at the U. of M.

KATHLEEN LUMAX — BALLATER

Memories of Kay at 10:30 p.m. with hair half-curled, her possessions everywhere and her ear, warm from the telephone. Despite all this she has done a good job as head of residence, played the organ, sung in the choir and generally been a friend to all. Dental Hygiene is Kay's choice for September.

BARBARA McMURRAY — BALLATER

Barbie, who winces when anyone spells her name with a MAC, is the enthusiastic and able Head of Ballater House and a prefect. Besides her "peaceful" playing on a guitar, and her strong alto in the choir, she is well known for her violent volleyball serve. Barb's vivacity will take her a long way. Good luck, Barbie!

SHERYL NOONAN — BALLATER

Only the mice and Sheryl know what really is in that closet. For Cupid Capers, the girl with the Midas touch transformed some chicken wire into a most life-like Cupid. In her paint bespattered smock and surrounded with pastels and brushes (her symbols of genius) Sheryl will pursue her interests next year at Villa Mercedes in Florence.

LESLEY PATERSON — CRAIG GOWAN

Lesley is our able Class President and keeps a close check on us "Is everyone here today?" is the morning call. But at 4:05 p.m. as minister of Health and Bathing, she can be found in the residence with the water running. Dental Hygiene is Lesley's choice for next year.

MARGARET PICKARD — GLEN GAIRN

Size isn't everything — our smallest class member more than makes up for her size in energy and fun. Margie is an enthusiastic supporter of Glen Gairn especially in games and next year she takes her novel chuckle to St. Boniface Hospital. Happy nursing Margie.

JESSICA RATTRAY — BALLATER

"I am NOT quiet," is a frequent retort from Jess and this is certainly true if you stand beside her strong alto voice in the choir. She has been a helpful member of the Library Committee and has plans for the U. of M. — or will it be the Navy?

SUSAN RUTTAN — GLEN GAIRN

She's the girl with the brains, and has the marks to prove it. She can be seen every morning on sentry duty — opening doors and smiling sweetly. Sue is especially appreciated when we gather round her desk to compare "Math" answers. Good luck, Sue. We can see you taking St. John's College by storm next year.

RUTH THOMAS — BALLATER

The most reliable alarm clock on the second floor — that is our busy Ruthie. Daily trips to the shower or to see Janie are usually accompanied by practice efforts in saying "potassium thiocyanate." Thom is fully occupied as circulation manager in the library, as a prefect, a choir member and a strong supporter of Ballater House. Lucky U. of A. next year.

MARGARET UPHAM — BRAEMAR

This energetic lass, whose home seems to be always on the move, took Balmoral Hall by storm this year and has certainly helped to brighten our life in Aikins House. Marg, a hard worker, has proved to be a top student and an efficient Vice-President. Next fall Marg has plans for happy days at Queen's.

MARCIA WIENS — GLEN GAIRN

Marcia's main claim to fame is being the only German student of Form VI. During her year at Balmoral, we have learned more than ever about Churchill, Manitoba, the Germans, and how marvellous it is to be a blonde. Best of luck next year at Teachers' College, Marcia.



BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

Christmas Term, 1964

Sept. 9	Boarders arrive.
Sept. 10	Opening Prayers. Head Girl and School Captain receive cords. House Heads elected. School Meetings.
Sept. 11	Class Presidents elected. Prefects' party for boarders.
Sept. 15	Library Executive announced.
Sept. 19	"A Day in The Country"
Sept. 22	Magazine Executive announced.
Sept. 22	Form VI attend film of "Hamlet."
Sept. 24	Summer Reading Tests. Boarders attend "Hay Fever."
Sept. 25	School Sweaters worn for first time.
Oct. 2	Boarders attend Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
Oct. 9	Thanksgiving Service.
Oct. 9-12	Thanksgiving Weekend New prefects receive cords.
Oct. 22-24	Visit from Six prefects of St. Chad's School.
Oct. 30	Junior School Hallowe'en Parties. Initiation Party.
Nov. 6	Boarders attend "My Fair Lady."
Nov. 10	Remembrance Day Service.
Nov. 11	Remembrance Day Holiday.
Nov. 13-15	Boarders' Weekend.
Nov. 24	Symphony Concert for Grades V, VI.
Nov. 25	Symphony Concert for Form 1 - III.
Nov. 27	Christmas Examinations begin.
Dec. 4	Examinations end.
Dec. 8-10	Collection of gifts for Missions.
Dec. 15	Kindergarten and Grade 1 Christmas Concert.
Dec. 17	Junior School Carol Service. Boarders' Christmas Party
Dec. 18	Senior School Carol Service School closes for Christmas.

Summer Term, 1965

April 5	Boarders return.
April 6	Opening prayers. Rt. Rev. M. E. Coleman conducts Morning Prayers.
April 9	Boarders attend "Sound of Music."
April 10	Admission Tests.
April 16-19	Easter Weekend.
May 7	Graduation Dance
May 21-25	Victoria Day Weekend.
May 27	Sports Day.
June 6	Closing Evensong 4 p.m.
June 10	Closing Exercises at Westminster Church followed by Garden Party.
June 11-12 I - III	Summer Examinations.
June 14-18 IV-V	University Entrance Examinations
June 21-29 VI	University Entrance Examinations

Easter Term, 1965

Jan. 6	Boarders return.
Jan. 7	Opening Prayers.
Jan. 7-8	Grades IV-XII attend Tutankhamen Exhibition.
Jan. 22	Volley ball vs. St. Mary's Academy.
Jan. 27	Performance by members of Manitoba Theatre Centre.
Jan. 29	Memorial Service for Sir Winston Church. Senior boarders attend "Pyjama Game".
Feb. 1	New Class Presidents take office.
Feb. 5	Boarders attend "Ice Capades." Collection for March of Dimes.
Feb. 12	"Cupid Capers."
Feb. 12-14	Boarder Weekend.
Feb. 23	First Badminton Clinic 8.30 - 9.30 p.m. Form III play flutophones at Morning Prayers.
Mar. 3	Ash Wednesday Service conducted by Right Rev. J. O. Anderson.
Mar. 12	Boarders attend Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
Mar. 17	Easter Examinations begin.
Mar. 19	"This Hour Has Twelve Years" 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 24	School closes for Easter Vacation.

Special Dates To Remember For September, 1965

Wednesday, September 8th — 2 p.m. — Forms IV, V, VI — arrange courses
— get text books

— 3 p.m. — School Officers meet to plan the Opening.

— 5:30 p.m. — Boarders arrive before or by 5:30 p.m.

— 7 p.m. — Boarders IV, V, VI — Textbooks

Thursday, September 9th — 9 a.m. — Opening Assembly — bring your Health Certificate.

THE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

AIRD, WENDY 130 Elm St. (9)	452-4125	COX, JENNIFER 357 Overdale St. (12)	837-4461
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE AND GILLIAN 85 Yale Ave. (9)	GL 3-5411	COX, SHAWN 667 Garfield St. (10)	SP 2-5036
ALEXANDER, KATHRYN 150 Oak St. (9)	GR 5-0667	CRAMP, SUSAN AND LORRAINE 421 Churchill Drive (13)	GL 3-4196
ALEXANDER, ELIZABETH 227 Waverley St. (9)	GR 4-3104	CROSS, ALISON No. 311, 15 Cornish Ave. (1)	775-7535
ANDERSON, PATRICIA 676 St. Mary's Rd. (8)	CH 7-3134	DABRUS, PATRICIA 34 Picardy Place, (10)	SP 2-4813
ANDISON, MARGARET Box. 1, Group 1, Lot 34 St. Norbert, Man.	GL 2-6753	DANGERFIELD, MARSHA AND PAMELA 74 St. Mary's Road (6)	GL 2-2537
ARMYTAGE, CAROL 45 Wilton St. (9)	GR 5-6405	DAVID, SUSAN AND LESLEY Box 4, Group 378, R.R. 3, Winnipeg	222-0007
ARNETT, LINDA GAIL 120 Waterloo St. (9)	GR 5-6670	DAVIES, HEATHER 6 Frontenac Bay (6)	AL 6-1067
ASHDOWN, BARBARA AND JOAN 186 Westgate (1)	772-3100	DAVIS, DIANA 543 Niagara St. (9)	HU 9-9397
ATCHISON, NANCY 505 Laidlaw Blvd. (29)	489-4260	DEMPSTER, ELSPETH 222 Poplar Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask.	242-0109
BAIN, MARLENE 543 Niagara (9)	HU 9-9397	DICKSON, DEBORAH 1034 Wellington Cres. (9)	GL 3-6911
BAREFOOT, SHIRLEY 11702 - 123rd St. Edmonton, Alberta	455-0114	DICKSON, MARY 202 Harvard Ave. (9)	452-5858
BARON, DONNA MAY 850 McMillan Ave. (9)	GR 4-1186	DOBBIE, ALORA AND DIANE 748 Broadway Ave. (10)	SU 3-0480
BEATON, SHERRY 3D - 276 Wellington Cres. (9)	453-5229	DOUGAN, JANE 4511 Roblin Blvd. (20)	832-7585
BEENHAM, MARY-BETH 61 Queenston St. (9)	489-9557	DOWLER, JUDITH 277 Harvard (9)	GR 5-1250
BELTON, LORI 1660 Wellington Cres. (9)	489-3459	EDWARDS, LOUISE 144 Ash Street (9)	453-3195
BERREA, BONNIE Box 27, Athabasca, Alberta	675-2420	EDWORTHY, SUSAN 415 Wildwood Dr., Calgary, Alta.	CH 9-2615
BERRY, MARGARET 310 Dromore Ave. (9)	GR 5-6796	EMERSON, CAROL c/o 243 Hartford Ave. (17)	ED 9-8213
BRAULT, DISA AND RENEE 312 Laidlaw Blvd. (29)	489-6097	EVANS, JANE 208 Dromore Ave. (9)	GL 2-2173
BREAU, MELODY Ste. 1 - 425 Hendersqn Hwy.	AL 3-5473	EVANS, TANIS 53 Huntington Drive, Transcona	222-9910
BRIGGS, JANE 118 Westgate (1)	783-1616	EVERETT, MARGOT 111 Park Blvd. (29)	HU 9-6576
BROWN, HEATHER 320 Moray St. (12)	VE 2-4097	EVERETT, SARAH 514 Wellington Cres. (9)	GR 5-4533
BRUCE, MARY 241 Yale Ave. (9)	GL 2-8338	FERGUSON, JANE AND DEBORAH 167 Waverley St. (9)	GR 5-55623
BULLOCK, LINDA 147 Sunnyside Blvd. (12)	837-4923	FLINTOFT, CATHERINE 72 Kingsway (9)	GR 5-4881
CAIN, MARY 1010 Sherrit Ave., Lynn Lake	GL 6-2530	FLINTOFT, NANCY 3066 Angus St., Regina, Sask.	523-6168
CALL, ELIZABETH 851 Westminster Ave.	772-4203	FOLEY, SUSAN 407 Kelvin Blvd. (29)	HU 9-5153
CAMPBELL, BARBARA 493 Churchill Drive (13)	GL 2-1643	FRANCIS, MARION 32 Riverside Cres. Edmonton, Alta.	HU 8-8342
CAMPBELL, CATHERINE AND JUDITH 108 Grenfell Blvd. (29)	489-5533	FRASER, JOHN 1215 Wellington Cres. (9)	489-2678
CAMPBELL, LAURIE 54 Frontenac Bay (6)	AL 3-1152	FRIESEN, VICTORIA AND RUTH 202 Girton Blvd. (29)	489-6623
CAMPBELL, MARCIA LYNN 46 Hind Ave. (12)	VE 7-2014	GARBETT, SUSAN No. 4 - 101 Horace St. (6)	233-6949
CAMPBELL, SUSAN 85 Yale		GARDNER, ANNE 175 Oxford St. (9)	GR 5-5227
CARTER, HARRIET AND HILARY 202 Handsart Blvd. (29)	289-6954	GARDNER, JUDITH 805 Lanark Bay (9)	HU 9-8356
CHEGWIN, JOYCE 1208 Aberdeen Ave. (14)	JU 6-5615	GATTEY, JOAN AND LYNNE Cross Bar Ranch, Consort, Alta.	156-R 2
CHEREWAN, ELIZABETH 820 Wellington Cres. (9)	GL 2-6444	GAUTAMA, PROMILA P.O. Box 180, Mankota, Sask.	14 R 2
COLE, BARBARA, CHRISTINE, AND SUSAN 385 Cambridge St. (9)	284-0182	GILCHRIST, JANE 109 Girton Blvd. (29)	489-2511
COOK, MICHÉLLE 1397 Dugald Road (6)	CH 7-7456	GILLE, SUSAN 814 Beaverbrook St. (9)	GR 5-6139
CONDO, ROSEMARY 874 Wellington Cres. (9)	GR 5-6628	GLOWACKI, SHANNON 42 Coral Crescent (6)	256-1095
		GOSKO, EVELYN 361 Cambridge St. (9)	453-0327

GOURLEY, CATHERINE 72 Cordova St. (9)	489-596	LEMON, NANCY 131 Grenfell Blvd. (29)	489-5543
GRANT, ANNE AND JANE 22 Kingston Row (8)	CH 7-6837	LITTLE, NANCY 429 Kington Cres. (8)	CH 7-1561
GRIFFITHS, VICKI AND DEBRA 1241 Wellington Cres. (9)		LUMAX, KATHLEEN Box 418, Swan River, Man.	Minitonas 2463
GUEST, SUSAN 343 Yale Avenue (9)	GL 2-3815	MACDONALD, HELEN-LOUISE 404 Kelvin Blvd. (29)	489-3278
GUY, MONICA 135 Eastgate (1)	SP 2-5200	MACLEAN, JOHN 230 Elm Street (9)	475-6527
HANNA, COLLEEN 1195 Warsaw Cres. (9)	GL 2-7895	MACAW, SIDNEY 20 Victoria Cres. (8)	AL 3-9832
HANNON, GORDON 158 Borebank (9)	489-8259	MAINWARING, JANE No. 203-71 Roslyn Rd. (13)	452-6402
HARRISON, JANET AND JANE 172 Church Ave. (4)	JU 6-1644	MAJURY, SUSAN AND DIANA 148 Elm St. (9)	284-1752
HAWORTH, ELIZABETH 359 Oxford St. (9)	GL 3-2712	MALONE, DEIRDRE 129 Girton Blvd. (29)	489-2448
HAY, HELEN 114 Lodge Ave. (12)	VE 2-4484	MATHER, TOBY 99 Lincrest Rd. (17)	334-7942
HAY, CYNTHIA 167 Douglas Park Road (12)	888-7397	MATTHEWS, GRACE-EVELYN 375 Cambridge St. (9)	284-0172
HOLDEN, ELIZABETH 152 Old Mill Road (12)	VE 7-1122	MATTHEWS, ELIZABETH 4612 - 5th St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.	CH 3-0077
HERBERT, PATRICIA 4522 — W. Third Ave., Vancouver 8 ...	CA 4-7315	MATHIESON, EVAN 30 Westgate (1)	783-9951
HOWARD, LAUREL 66 Ruttan Bay (19)	GL 3-3057	MAY, MYRA 1345 Wellington Cres. (9)	489-6255
HOWISON, PATRICIA 2850 Assiniboine Ave. (12)	VE 7-1190	METCALFE, DEBORAH 252 Kingsway (9)	GL 3-6305
HUNT, ALEXANDRA AND CATHERINE 80 Waterloo St. (9)	GR 5-1479	MORRIS, BARBARA 4531 Roblin Blvd. (20)	837-3032
HUTCHINGS, SUSAN 198 Brock Street (9)	HU 9-4428	MORRIS, LESLEY 53 Harvard Ave. (9)	475-0512
JACKSON, JANE 240 Waverley St. (9)	GL 3-6045	MORRISON, MEREDITH 176 Harvard Ave. (9)	GR 5-6569
JESSIMAN, SALLY 363 Kingston Cres. (8)	CH 7-1276	MURRAY, LORRAINE 703 Wellington Cres. (9)	GL 3-1886
JOHNSTON, PARICIA 177 Yale Ave. (9)	GL 2-7818	McBEY, DONALD 299 Carpathia Road (9)	489-5744
JONES, JANET 459 Brock Street (9)	489-4710	McDONALD, ELIZABETH 309 Bower Blvd. (29)	489-7485
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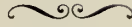
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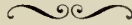
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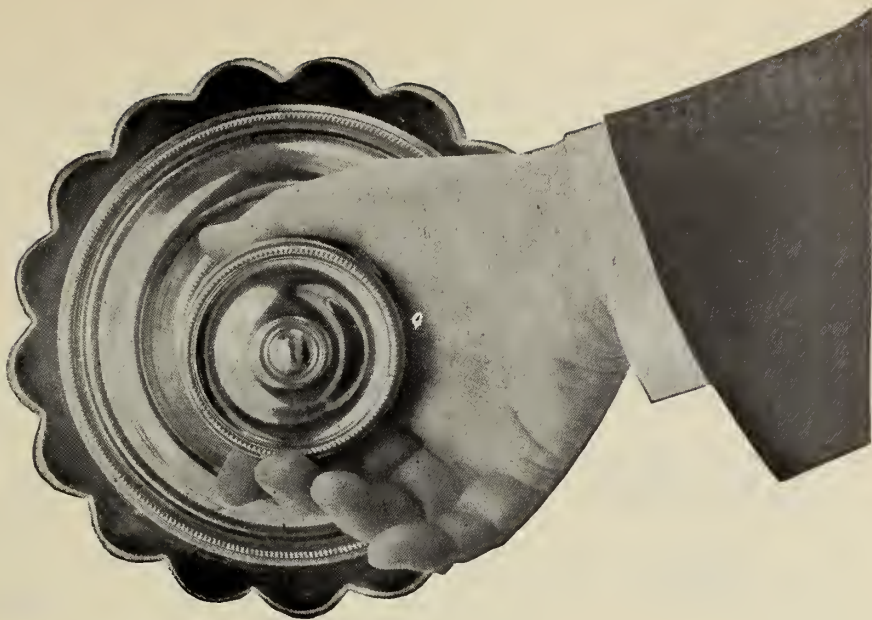
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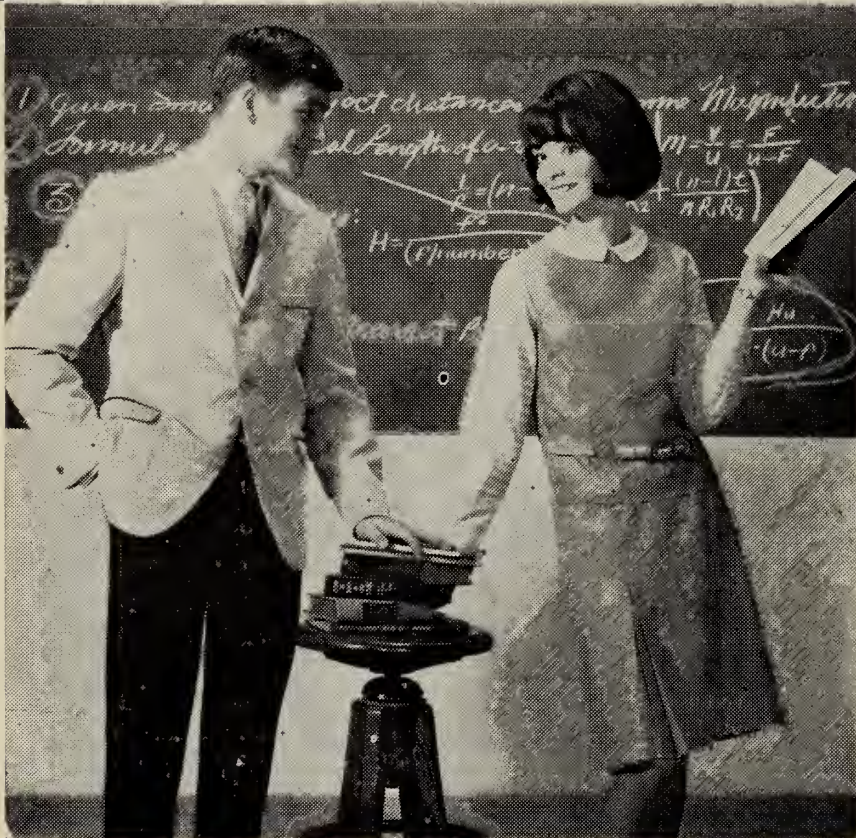
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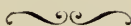
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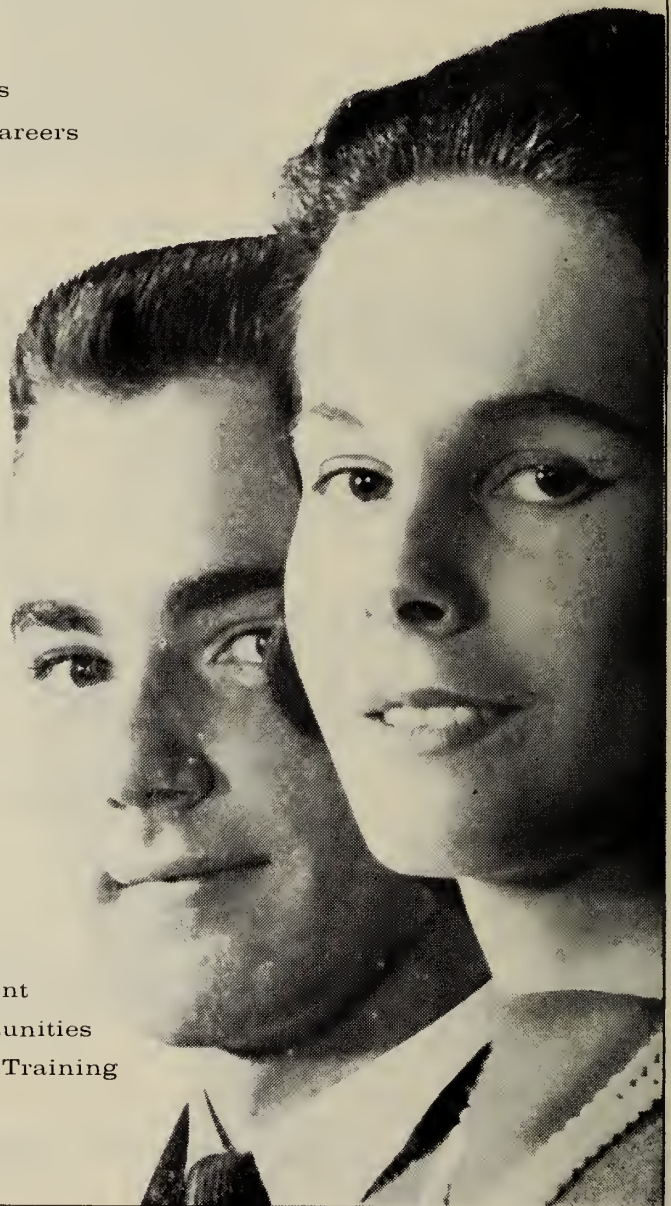
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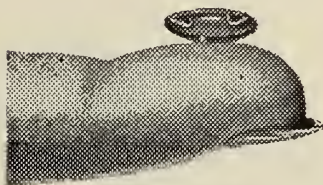


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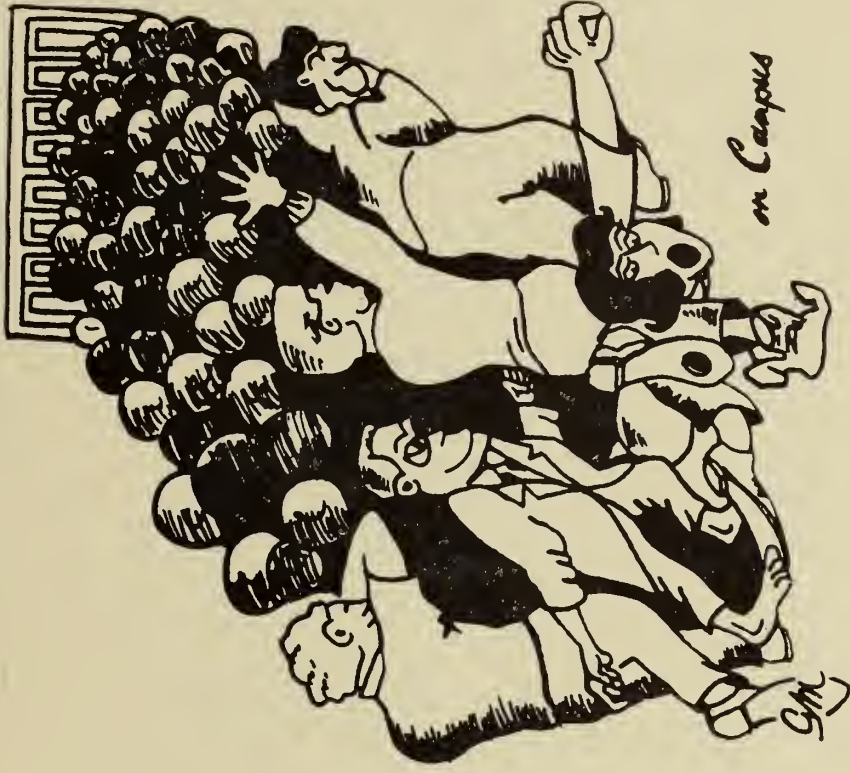
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